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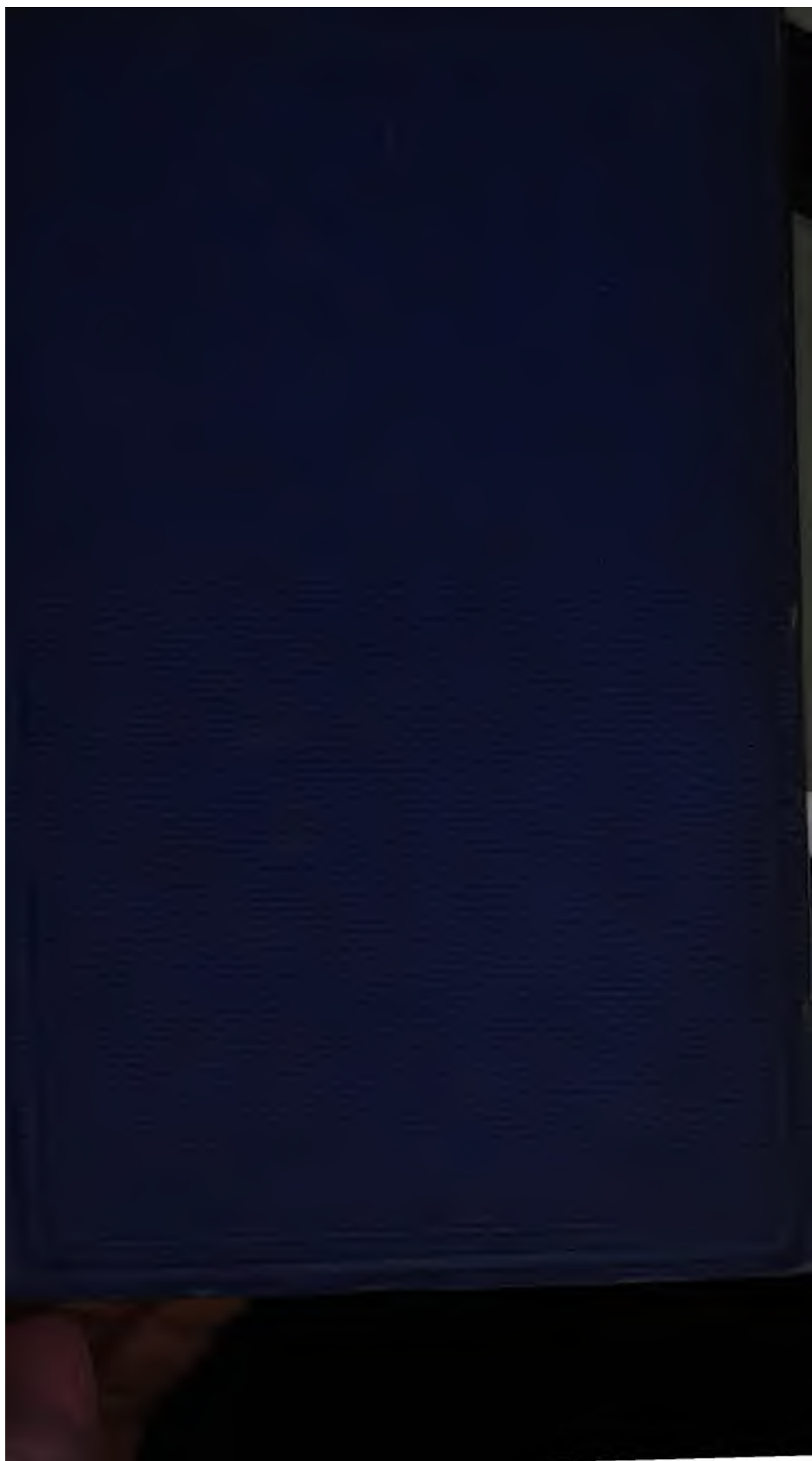
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A
LONG VACATION RAMBLE
IN
NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

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A

LONG VACATION RAMBLE

IN

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BY X AND Y,
(TWO UNKNOWN QUANTITIES.)

"Skaal! to the Northland, skaal!"
"And dark, and true, and tender is the North!"



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1857.

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A
LONG VACATION RAMBLE
IN
NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Your name, I pray you, friend?"—SHAKSPEARE.

OUR natural modesty deters us from answering this inquiry. We prefer to introduce ourselves under the unassuming, if assumed, disguise of X. and Y. Our companion we shall designate as Z. As to our tendencies, let it suffice to describe ourselves hagiographically as "the law and the prophets."

An Englishman's notions of Norway are usually somewhat indistinct. He has probably heard of Christiania, or even of a place which he calls Drontheim; he has a dreamy recollection of Bergen, which may, or may not, be surnamed op-Zoom; he has a reverential belief in the existence of the vast chain of the "Dovre-

field Mountains," extending from the North Cape to the Naze; he speaks darkly and enigmatically about midnight-sun and reindeer-moss; but his great *topos* is the Mälstrom, fed on Cetaceans and men-of-war.

It was to clear up our notions on these and similar points that, early in June, we decided to visit Norway, and explore with our own eyes its little-visited scenery.

Crossing the North Sea from Hull, we obtained our first view of the country at Christiansand. There must always be some little excitement in landing amongst a people whose language is not understood, and who have as little acquaintance with your own: here, at least, one may hope for some amusement, and feel oneself within reach of an adventure. But there is nothing adventurous about Christiansand. The town is the very *beau idéal* of respectability, and much more English-looking than the foreign towns one usually lands at. Its streets are broad and paved; its wooden houses alarmingly neat and clean; and there is a total absence of peculiar costume. But rounded rocks, barren and rugged, encircle the town on every side, and impart to it a pleasing quaintness. Hence we hasted away to the capital; the voyage up the Christiania fjord was accomplished in a thick mist and drizzling rain, which damped our ardour, and diminished our power of admiration; nevertheless, there was something about it that pleased, and it looked, perhaps, none the worse for the dull haze and clouds that hung over the hills, and which seemed

to accord so well with the gloom of their sombre-tinted verdure.

Of Christiania let it be said that it is rapidly improving; but exists at present in that unhappy transition state from wood to stone—from primitive quiet to bustling activity,—which allows us neither to admire its quaintness, nor praise its splendour. Its picturesqueness is principally due to the old fortress of Agershuus, which stands on a steep rock jutting out into the lake; deprived of this, nothing could rescue it from the charge of presenting a most every-day appearance. Of the newly-erected buildings, we feel bound to make mention of those belonging to the University, the museums of which are in a state which many an older foundation might look upon with shame. The number of students, we were told, is about eight hundred, all of whom must have passed an examination in Greek and Latin, German, French, and English, and in Geometry and Stereometry: once matriculated, each selects his own course of study, and graduates in whatever faculty he will. There is also a palace, remarkable rather for extent than beauty; a picturesque market-house, newly built of red brick; a huge and frightful cathedral; and, lastly, among the glories of the place must be mentioned a certain gas-lamp, on whose pedestal, in portentous characters, stands the imperious command—"Fiat lux."

The straggling suburb of Agers, to the north of the town, occupies the site of the ancient Opslo; its church is said to have been built by Olaf the Saint, and forms

a capital introduction to the unpretending stone architecture of Scandinavia. Of this there are but few examples left: both now, and in past times, wood is preferred to stone. The style of these churches is a very plain Romanesque, introduced probably from Germany by the missionaries who came thence. The walls are very thick; the windows few and narrow; the pillars circular, on square bases, with cushion capitals; the vaults of stone, with a total absence of ribs; and the narrow chancel usually terminates in a semicircular apse. Mouldings there are none; or if there are any, they are of a debased classical character, attached unmeaningly to the soffit of the chancel-arch, and sometimes in the same position on the nave arcade. The Church of Agers possesses these characteristics; it has a nave with aisles, and towards the east end of the former are massive piers, apparently destined to support a tower, which, however, has never been built. The exterior now presents red-tiled roofs, with a small bell-turret, surmounted by a spire, above that of the nave.

On a slight eminence, some two or three miles distant, overlooking the city and its fjord, stands Oscarshalle, a royal villa, remarkable as containing the only specimens of native painting that repay the trouble of examination: they are the works of Tiederman, an artist not unknown to fame. The series is illustrative of peasant-life in Norway: in the first picture appears a young boy, sounding the *lur* among the hills, while a little girl plays beside him; in the second, the same

pair are seen in a *scæter*, the youth gazing on her with passionate look, while the maiden, blushing and with eyes downcast, seems not to refuse his love. Then comes their wedding; their parents receive them at the door of their home as they return from church, escorted, with music and dancing, by the long train of friends. The two next pictures represent their joy over their first-born, and then, by a rapid alternation, their grief at its death; the body is laid out for burial, and beside it sit the careworn parents, their sorrow too deep for tears. On the opposite side of the room, the first of the series represents the mother among her children: this is followed by the father mending his nets, and giving instruction to his son. Then comes the most spirited composition of all: the father and his boys are salmon-fishing by torch-light, the eldest lad is bending over the boat's prow in act to cast his spear, while the father, leaning over him, directs his cast. Now are passed boyhood, youth, and manhood, and old age comes. The aged couple stand at their door to give the parting blessing to their son, who leaves them to go out into the world to seek his fortune—he turns from them half glad, half sorrowful. And, lastly, the old man and his wife are seated in their lonely cottage, she, at his side, listening to the words of comfort which he reads from the Holy Book. Thus ends the tale, and such is peasant-life in Norway.

CHAPTER II.

THE CARRIOLE.

“Over the hill, and over the dale
He went, and over the plain.”—*The Devil's Ride.*

FROM Christiania we started out by railway, for there, too, the age of iron has commenced; and then, in common, we suppose, with every one else who has ever visited Norway, we traversed the Mjösen Lake, whose wooded and well-pastured banks seemed to welcome with joy the first sun of summer. About half-way up the lake, and close to its shore, stand the ruins of the Cathedral of Hammer, which, small though they be, consisting of little more than three or four round pillars, did not fail to attract every eye, and exercise that mysterious influence which only a decayed old ruin can exercise. Why should *we* have stared with delight at those crumbling walls? Certain it is that we never heard before of the see of Hammer, nor are we to this day aware of the previous existence of either portly bishop or saintly priest, whose voice, resounding amid its arches, called to repentance the bold Norsemen who

came to worship at its shrine. And yet we strained our eyes to catch the last glimpse as we receded from it; perhaps, after all, it was from nothing more than a presentiment that some days were to elapse before we should again behold a building of stone.

We landed at Lillehammer; and wrote letters at midnight, as an Irishman would say, by daylight. Already we enjoyed perpetual day.

And now we were to experience a novel method of progression. Hitherto we had ridden in English carriages, attended by English guards; English engines had had their furnaces filled with English coal by English stokers, and English paddles had propelled us. But now we were about to throw ourselves amongst those who were Norwegians indeed, and in a conveyance peculiarly Norwegian. In a word, we were to speak Norsk, and drive *Karjoler*, and we soon acquired a moderate proficiency in both. Modern innovators have constructed the karjol with springs; but we hold the use of such to be quite heterodox. Your true Norwegian vehicle is like a deep spoon placed on wheels, with very long shafts. The solitary passenger sits in the bowl thereof, on a low seat, raised so little above the bottom of the carriage, that his legs are nearly horizontal. There is a splashboard in front, and an apron to button over you, with a wide flap, which completely covers the seat when you get out, and keeps it dry. The long shafts form an admirable substitute for springs.

Behind there is a board on which your luggage is strapped; it also serves as a seat for the Skydskarl, or boy, who is sent with you from station to station, to bring back the horses. He also acts as a general supervisor of your conduct; and if he thinks that you are overdriving his horses, he reports your delinquencies to the next station-master. We saw some carriages in Christiania to carry two persons—a useful improvement this; as the only disadvantage of the vehicle is, that it is sadly unsociable. Every word you utter has to be committed at the top of your voice to the mercy of the fickle winds, and reaches the ears for which it was intended, if it ever does reach them, in a fearfully garbled state.

Attached to this slim conveyance by the slightest *souppçon* of harness is a dun or cream-coloured pony, with stubby mane erect, of foot both swift and sure. The Norwegian peasants rule their horses almost entirely by the voice; a loud *bur-r-r* will bring a horse to a dead stop before the word is well out of your mouth.

This road through Gulbrandsdalen, the great north road of Norway, is amusing to English ideas. It evinces, in common with Norwegian paths in general, a noble contempt of natural obstacles; mounting hills, and going down descents as steep as a house-side, with infinite *nonchalance*. Over the places which have recently been mended—as we must by courtesy call the process of strewing the road thickly with huge blocks of

stone—one drives in agony unequalled. But we must not grumble at it: wide enough for two carriages to pass, it gives one lovely views, which a more scientific highway would avoid; and as the horses are as nimble as cats, there is no fear of an upset. They go very leisurely up the ascents, and then whirl you down the slope on the other side at a brisk trot.

“Crack went the whip, round went the wheels;” up hill and down dale, on smooth road and rough, merrily we sped along. Forward! forward! was the cry; and forward, forward we hurried on, brimful of expectation of the beauties of Gulbrandsdalen, “the Pride of Norway.” “The Pride of Norway!” none but a Norwegian could have named it so, and one, too, who had never beheld the scenery of the North and West. A few views may be called grand; but, generally speaking, it is pretty, and nothing more. Its chief charm is derived from the abundance of foliage that clothes the clumsily-shapen hills, the graceful festoons of the white-barked birch mingling and contrasting with the grim and dark-leaved pines.

At the mid-day meal we made our first acquaintance with two of the national institutions, the Fladbrød and Black bread: the one possessing great affinity to dirty chips; the other, dark, and sour, and sandy; the latter element being introduced, doubtless, from a charitable wish to enable the loaf to assist in its own digestion. The quality, however, varies much: we soon began to

take kindly to both, possibly on account of our inability to obtain anything else. Nor were we always favoured with so great a choice, for in many parts black bread did not occur, and we had to content ourselves with devouring acres of the unsatisfying fladbröd.

At Laurgaard we stopped a day. It should be premised that Z had a remarkable liking for climbing and striding up-hill; no sooner did he see an elevation of more than ordinary steepness, than he felt it to be his mission to reach the top. We did not observe that these rapid ascents produced any other result than an immediate wish to commence a still more rapid descent. Scorning circuitous paths, we went "every man straight before him," scrambled up a wall of jagged rock, and in three hours found ourselves on a heather-clad table-land, near a lake, whose waters, "lapping on the crag," seemed to make doubly cold the coldness of the wind that lashed them into waves. Our companions were Ptarmigans, apparently the sole occupants of the snow-patched hills, which stretched in endless series around us.

A dish of fresh-caught trout awaited our return to Laurgaard. In delicacy of flavour, in the brightness of his burnished scales, glancing with green and gold, in the rich hue of his roseate spots, there is none to excel the "lusty trout" of the River Lougen.

Hitherto we might have been in Scotland; indeed, it was not till we were fairly on the plateau of the Dovrefield, that we perfectly realized the fact that we were in

Norway. Wild and desolate was the scene, cold and biting was the blast; stunted shallows just bursting into flower, and dwarf birches just breaking into leaf, formed the sole covering of the inhospitable ground, save here and there a patch of discoloured snow, which the summer sun had not yet had strength to melt.

To our left, behind some low hills, rose a long ridge of mountains; but their forms were for the most part obtuse and devoid of beauty; but, pre-eminent alike in height and majesty, rose the monarch of the Dovre, the snowy-crowned Sneehätten.

Four thousand feet above the sea, far distant from other habitations, stands the little cottage of Fokstuen, a wretched hovel it may be, but neither its wretchedness nor its isolation has served to deaden the spirits or chill the hearts of its inhabitants; for right merry was the laugh of its comely maidens, right hearty was the welcome we received from the worthy host.

Thence we drove to Jerkin, a substantial farm. Stiff with cold, we were not sorry to see a good fire of pine logs blazing on the spacious hearth. It was baking day, and Madame Jerkin, a portly dame of some sixty summers, was seated among her maidens, superintending and assisting the preparation of certain thin round cakes, in whose praises we were eloquent afterwards at dinner. The fjeld is tolerably fertile here; no corn, it is true, will grow, but enough hay is produced to serve, with the help of moss, as winter fodder

for the cattle, who, during the brief summer, roam at will over the fjeld, and crop its scanty herbage.

It was from this place that we set out to ascend Sneehätten, distant some fourteen English miles. Our wish was to walk thither; but so terrible were the descriptions of the icy cold streams and deep that we should have to cross, that we were induced to start on horseback—a precaution quite unnecessary. We crept along, over a gently rising and trackless expanse, swampy in parts, in others encumbered with such masses of loose rock and stone, as would have rendered it impassable to any other animals.

The last silvery cloud rose above the mountain-peak as we dismounted at its foot: it stood before us like a goddess unveiled, seeking to appal and dazzle with her beauty, as though to forbid our approach. But her very beauty allured us on: and well was the labour repaid.

The loftiest peak is a cone of snow, which forms the western side of a huge crater-like abyss. This, to the south, is bounded, amphitheatre-wise, by a wall of dark rock, abrupt and jagged, which, on the opposite side, has been broken away by some convulsion of ages back. All the depths of the chasm are filled up with snow, concealing (we were told) a frozen lake, or glacier.

As we stood on the summit, the clouds lay along the margin, just above the highest peaks, so that no part of the view was lost to us. And a remarkable one it was. No grand mountain masses, interspersed with lakes;

but a sea of blunted peaks, not spiry, like the aiguilles of Mont Blanc, but rather pyramidal in form. Which-ever way we looked, this was the shape that met our eyes ; differently combined, of course, but with little or no variety of outline. Most conspicuous was the great group of the Rundane, a cluster of conical peaks near Laurgaard ; their snowy precipices glittered in the sun, as they rose high above their fellows, sharply relieved against the sky. At our feet there was nought but the dreary solitude of the table-land, enlivened only by the snow-fed streams or the presence of a herd of reindeer.

Perhaps no mountain of so great elevation (7,500 feet) can be ascended with such ease. At the summit the thermometer stood at 27 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. We ought not to omit all mention of the *Ranunculus Glacialis*, whose acquaintance we here first made : its yellowish petals peeped out from among the stones, blooming unchilled on the very verge of eternal snow.

When we first entered upon Dovre, its aspect was stern and solemn : but now it wore its holiday dress. The sun and the clear sky had worked wonders. The mosses and lichens looked their brightest ; the streams seemed running purple, so well was the blue heaven glassed within them ; from every patch of winter snow a dozen little brooks gushed merrily ; while here and there a flower appeared, the harbinger of summer.

The return was rendered tedious, by the slowness of the pace, and the scorching heat, which blistered our

hands and faces intolerably. But we were consoled by the good cheer which awaited us,—a rich repast of reindeer venison, savoury meat such as we love, followed by jellies of refreshing coldness, deriving a beauteous violet hue from the fruit with which they were flavoured, and surrounded by a flood of thick and clotted cream.

After passing the crest of the Dovre, we followed for some distance the course of the Driv, a mountain-torrent, whose source we had seen the day before, at the foot of Sneehätten. No longer does the road climb over the once-dreaded Vaarstige, but creeps along, close to the stream, down a narrow ravine, whose precipitous cliffs tower high above the noisy waters, which leap and tumble from rock to rock, and form cascades innumerable.

No prettier spot was passed than where we crossed the Örkel; the steep banks between which the river foams are covered with a thick growth of firs and birches. These latter were our delight. Whether they broke the sombre hues of the pines with their paler green, or stood alone in clumps upon some projecting bluff, where the sun caught their stems and glistened on their silver bark, they were equally beautiful. Lovely were they when the air was still, and every delicate spray stood out clear against the sky; but lovelier far when a breeze went rustling over them, and displayed the pale glitter of their up-turned leaves, as though a wave of silvery light had passed over the forest. Where the

hills sloped to the stream, they stood in thinner ranks, or singly ; and the ground at their feet was carpeted with wood-anemones and lilies-of-the-valley, or purpled with thousands of wild pansies.

At Melhuus we were met by a procession of carriages and carts crammed full of folk, men and women on horseback bringing up the rear : the leader of the train was expending much breath in the production of a jerky and inharmonious tune, on a shrill-voiced flageolet. The music would have done equally well for a funeral or for a wedding ; but a wedding it turned out to be. We determined to assist at the ceremony. It commenced with a hymn, and an extempore exhortation from the priest, the happy pair standing in front of the altar-rails, their looks utterly belying their feelings, if, at least, the latter partook of that felicity which one is wont to attribute to the principal performers on such an occasion. They were attended by a pair of matrons, and about a dozen damsels : the gentlemen of the party possessed themselves of comfortable seats in the pews, on the right hand side of the aisle. The couple then kneeled down ; and after having mutually endowed one another with all their worldly goods, another hymn was sung by the clerk, in that peculiarly nasal tone so much patronised by those who affect to despise the pleasant things of this world : a benediction followed, and then the ladies too began to retreat to the pews ; but as fate would have it, we occupied the seats intended for the

lovely bridesmaids, and great was their consternation at finding us in possession, nor could we induce them to share the pew with us. They fled elsewhere. When calm was restored, the bridegroom led his bride round the altar, on which they deposited an offering for the priest: the clerk too had his private box, into which a contribution was dropped. The whole assembly imitated their example; the effect of which was so pleasing to the occupant of the black gown and ruff, that we were treated to several more prayers before the procession was allowed to leave the church.

The primitive habits of the people were somewhat amusing: one of the matrons had a very frequent habit of spitting; and even the priest himself stopped the service to expectorate: while one of the bridesmaids had folded her pocket-handkerchief so neatly that she felt it a pity to open it, and persisted in making use of her forefinger and thumb.

The same evening we drove into Throndhjem.

CHAPTER III.

THRONDHEJEM.

"A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, e'en though sepulchral ground;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb."

CAMPBELL.

EXQUISITE was the view which broke on our delighted gaze when we reached the brow of the hills which bound the Throndhjem fjord. At our feet lay the "Home of the Throne," on a triangular space, between the river Nid and a small tributary, which does duty as a moat: its old cathedral towering up grandly above the white houses which are gradually creeping round the bay. Our eyes rested a moment on the shipping, and the sombre island-fortress of Munkholmen, and thence wandered on over a long expanse of deep blue water, getting paler and paler in the far distance, to the mountains which rear themselves around it so precipitously as scarcely to leave room for a little village to nestle here and there at their feet. Beyond, towards the north,

rise serrated ridges of snowy peaks, the highest points of those mighty cliffs whose long ramparts of grey stone form the bulwark of Norway against the Atlantic waves.

As one looks down upon the city from the heights when the sun shines fair, and the flowers and the birds are telling their tale of spring, one forgets the plain modern town, with its prim streets of wooden houses, at right angles to each other : homes of plain respectability and honest toil, with somewhat of the old Norsk hospitality to warm them still : one loses sight of all this, and one's mind wanders through the past, and strains for a glimpse of elder days. For this was the capital that Harold Haarfager built ; hence it was that the petty chiefs, unable to brook his supremacy, sailed away in their galleys to seek a warmer sky and a freer rule ; on these very waters Rollo may have looked down, ere he shook his sails to the north wind, careless whither it bore him, and little dreaming of the empire that was in store for his successors ; here it was that Hako the Good struck the first blow at heathenism by the destruction of the temples of Odin, and that Olaf the Saint strove to enforce the doctrines of the Cross at the sword's point ; and to yonder old cathedral, with authority from the Pope to heal the disputes between the rival claimants to the throne, came our English legate, Nicholas Breakspear, and raised the see into an archbishopric.

Thus history speaks to us ; but oh ! for a glimpse of

the people of that time: the sturdy mailed sea-pirates, and their fair brides, decked with ornaments of gold; the soldiers sounding the muster-call on their long curved war-trumpets of bronze, and crowding their galleys, and lashing the waves of the fjord into foam with their oars: their festivals of rude mirth, when the mead-cup went merrily round, and the skald sang of their forefathers' great deeds, the priests and the pomp of sacrifice, the temples and their images! One seeks in vain in the degenerate children of these times, ground down with toil, their every thought and aspiration bounded by present need, for one spark of the old Vikings' fiery valour. All has gone, save yon ruined church—a faint remnant, it is true, of what it once was; but leading one back to things of other times, “adown the long aisles of the dead, where sleep the warrior kings.”

When St. Olaf had fallen at Sticklestad, in A.D. 1030, they laid his body hurriedly in the ground, on the banks of the Nid. Next year his remains were removed, and buried beneath the high altar of St. Clement's Church. Over the spot where his body had been first hastily committed to the earth, Olaf Kyrre, in 1077, built the church of the Holy Trinity; shortly after Harold Haardrade had raised near the same place the church of Our Lady.

Thus there were standing three churches close together. From far and near, even from Rome, came

pilgrims to Olaf's tomb; and their offerings were carefully treasured up, with the view of some day depositing the precious relics in a worthier shrine. It was not, however, till A.D. 1180 that Bishop Ejstein found himself able to execute what had been so long planned. St. Clement's Church still remains, as a detached chapel on the north side of the cathedral; but the other two, dedicated to St. Mary and the Holy Trinity, were incorporated in the new building, which was called Christ's Church. How much Ejstein built is uncertain: the western portion, with its front, was the work of Archbishop Sigund in 1248; and the architecture of the eastern octagon proves the necessity for a later date of construction than the close of the twelfth century. At the end of the thirteenth, the cathedral stood in all its splendour, which was, however, of but short duration. Fire after fire, not unaided by storm and pillage, destroyed the fair fabric's splendour; and, since 1513, the nave has been roofless.

But, happily, the octagon with its aisle has been spared: its wondrous loveliness seems to have charmed the rude assailants into mercy; to have stilled the winds, and bid the flames pass it by unscathed; for it stands to this day in all its perfectness, a specimen of the most elegant pointed style imaginable, its delicate marble shafts unshivered, its sculptured wreaths unbroken.

The plan of the church is a Latin cross, 318 feet in length. The breadth of the nave, 61 feet, is increased

at the western end by the addition of a chapel on each side to support the towers, so that the west front presents a breadth of 130 feet. The nave has aisles, which are continued along the choir, but not along the transepts, which are considerably earlier than the rest of the church. They have each a chapel on their eastern face, entered by a lofty and round-headed arch. The choir, which is a little narrower than the nave, terminates in an octagon, beneath which was once the shrine of St. Olaf; an aisle runs all round it, with rectangular chapels on its northern, eastern, and southern sides; from the first you enter the old church of St. Clement, now used as a vestry.

The west front presents an arcade of thirteen pointed arches; the centre one, being loftier and broader than the rest, was pierced, and served as the centre portal: the fourth from each end were likewise used as doorways. Immediately above this arcade runs a string course, interrupted only by the apex of the centre arch, which rises above it. Over this is a second arcade of twenty-one arches; about one-half of the height of the lower ones. They were used originally as niches for sculpture, some fragments of which, in a state of tolerable preservation, may still be seen. Over the north and south doors is a niche of greater breadth than the others, which seems to have been used as a window; and over the centre one is a wide space, devoid of ornament. No vestige remains of either of the towers;

nor is there anything to tell us how the west front was terminated between them.

Though the design is extremely simple, and wholly destitute of those projecting buttresses or deeply recessed porches which impart so much of variety and yet of unison to the fronts of the cathedrals of England and France ; yet the richness of the work, and the beauty of its execution, show that both artist and workmen were men of no mean skill.

Each of the thirteen arches which form the lower arcade is divided into two smaller ones by a narrow cylindrical shaft. The wider arches rest on shafts of a similar design, placed on each of the three sides of a rectangular mass of masonry whose angles are worked with deeply-cut mouldings.

The capitals have two rows, one above the other, of delicate flowers, attached to the stone by only a thin stalk, as one sees in early pointed work in England. The mouldings of the arches are a series of rolls and hollows, such as are common to the same style. Round the whole runs a broad band, ornamented with flowers in high relief, with a sculptured head at the point where the curves of the arches meet.

The arcade above is more richly ornamented than the lower one ; but by reason of its greater height, they are of bolder design. The capitals, like those of the larger arches below, are triple, with shafts of like character ; the arches themselves are very slightly pointed and

trefoiled. Between each is a trefoiled panel, answering to the sculptured head of the lower arcade; but of course, as the curve of the arch is much more gradual here, the space is greater. We observe here the same mouldings, and also a similar broad band, charged with sculptured leaves, but of a less intricate pattern; this is carried round the trefoils, and by the elegant curves which it thus makes greatly increases the beauty of the general effect.

How the portals were treated cannot now be seen; they are bricked up, and a huge mass of masonry is piled in front of each, to avert as long as possible the impending fall of the whole front.

We had been led to expect a rather rude architecture in Norway; and such, no doubt, is no unfair description of its general character: but here is a glorious exception, and we have ventured to give a somewhat long and minute account of this west front, to show how excellently these Northmen could work when stern necessity did not compel them to plainness, and to show how very close a resemblance this architecture of Scandinavia bears to our own early pointed; much greater, it struck us, than to any we had seen in Germany, whence, in all probability, the architect came.

You no longer enter the nave by one of the three west portals, but by a side entrance; of these there were originally two; one on the north, and one on the south side. No vestige of the roof remains, nor of the

fourteen pillars that supported it, save their octagonal bases. The side walls are tolerably perfect to the height of the roof: between each of the remarkably plain buttresses is a window, consisting of two lancets, approached very near to each other, and a circular window above. Over each lancet is an arch, consisting of a suit of deeply-cut mouldings; these arches rest on shafts similar to those on the west front, and the exterior moulding is also carried round the circular window above.

Just below the roof, instead of a corbel-table, is a most elegant arabesque, carved in stone.

You now enter the church at the north transept. Once inside, mutilated as it has been alike by destroyers and restorers, you stand amazed at the beauty of the work.

This portion is in a transition style; and the intermingling of Romanesque and Pointed work, particularly in the triforium and clerestory, is very curious. Architects have been much puzzled at this; and, without doubt, the differences are more marked here than in most buildings. May not the principle be admitted that a builder, though perfectly cognisant of and able to employ a certain style, might choose to make use of an earlier one when it suited his purpose to do so? If this be admitted, most of the difficulties which this cathedral presents will vanish. It would seem that the builders chose to use round arches, from an idea,

perhaps, of their greater strength, for the lower portions of the church ; and pillars and capitals of the same type for the support of arches in the lighter and later style, as if they were not as yet fully persuaded of its strength and durability.

The choir is so totally defaced, that to make out its original design is now an almost hopeless work. The south side presents huge shapeless masses of masonry, with equally shapeless openings in them ; these seem to have been raised at a modern date, to keep the building from falling ; and that originally the choir was of rich pointed work, similar to the octagon.

The modern Lutheran arrangement recalls that of Her Majesty's Theatre. You mount by staircases from the aisles on each side to the successive tiers of boxes, each of which has its owner's name painted on the door. They are comfortably fitted up with curtains and cushions ; and if the sermon invites to slumber, the occupant can doze in peace, unobserved by censorious wakefulness.

By observing the choir from the exterior one gets a better idea of what it was originally, and in what style. The aisles are tolerably perfect, divided into compartments by buttresses, which, however, have no stages, but preserve the same width from top to bottom ; in each is a window arranged of two lancets, with shafts and capitals supporting arches, as in the nave, but with this difference, that the circle above is quite detached, with

its own distinct suits of mouldings, which are not in any way connected with those of the lancets beneath. This arrangement will denote an earlier date, before even the first rudimentary idea of tracery had developed itself in the minds of the builders. At the end of each aisle is a lofty octagonal tower, terminating in a spire of no great height.

The exterior of the octagon is as beautiful in its way as the interior. In the first place, it is built upon a massive and boldly-designed plinth; and there are buttresses at each angle, which, after rising a few feet above the roof of the aisle, bend over with a graceful curve, and serve to support the lantern. The windows and ornaments generally are of the same type as those in the choir aisles, but the decoration is richer. At the east end is a small Lady-chapel, and on the south-east face a most remarkable door. Its acutely-pointed arch, with its suit of deeply-cut mouldings, bespeaks its late date; but the capitals of the shafts in the jambs are of a most strange design. They resemble a handful of palm-leaves fastened by their lower ends to a cylinder, their points bending forward one over the other in elegant curves.

And now let us enter the loveliest portion of the building; what would in ancient times have only been a worthy termination to a grand pile, but which is now all that remains in anything like perfectness.

A screen of stonework divides it from the choir; this

is pierced with three arches ; the centre one, which is the widest, being subdivided into three by slender tapering shafts ; and above this, attached to the column which divides the arch above, is the great Rood, to which all the faces of angels and of men carved around are turned.

The octagon rests on eight lofty pillars ; the arches these support are subdivided by smaller shafts. A screen of open work, about ten feet high, separates this inner space from the aisle which circumscribes it. Above these arches is a band of ornaments ; that which is most frequent is what we call the ball-flower, which in England occurs only in later work. Immediately over this is the triforium, consisting of two windows to each side of the octagon ; directly above it the ribs which sustain the vaulting of the roof begin to curve : they rest on shafts which rise uninterruptedly from the ground. The narrow lancets which compose the clerestory are disposed in a group of three to each bay.

Round the octagon there runs an aisle, also vaulted in stone, replete with rich pointed work. From this, on the north side, you pass into the church of St. Clement, the oldest part of the whole structure. It is simply a nave, of two bays, whence you pass under a stone screen of three arches into the apse, which is rather a flattened oval than a semicircle.

Baron Minutoli, after a careful comparison of buildings of a similar style in England and France, places the date of this part of the cathedral before A.D. 1200.

Native writers on the antiquities of Throndhjem assign 1031 as the probable date.

The oldest parts of the main building are the transepts. These belong to the Romanesque period. The octagon the Baron would place at about the close of the thirteenth century. This might possibly be the latest part built; for it is probable that so splendid a shrine was not at first contemplated.

To the honour of Norway, the complete restoration of this cathedral is contemplated. The Storthing has voted therefor 300,000 dollars. An architect has been chosen, who has wisely begun by studying carefully the chief existing examples which may be referred to the period when Throndhjem cathedral was first erected, and especially the cathedral of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, whose style greatly resembles that of its Norwegian neighbour.

So we may venture to hope that the day is not far distant when this church shall once again rise, if not to the fulness of its pristine beauty, yet to something worthy of its former self; though we never may again hope to see the stained windows shedding a brilliant light over the walls and sculptures, which flashed it back again from their own colour and mosaic; though no imitation can ever be all that its original was, yet such restoration will be more than a dead attempt to recal what has passed away for ever. It will show that the Norwegians of to-day have a love for all their fore-

fathers thought and did; and that though their creed may be different, yet that they own the same God as the pilgrims of old, to whose hymns the rocks of their shores re-echoed as they came to worship at St. Olaf's grave.

The falls of the Nid, two or three miles above Throndhjem, have nowhere their exact counterpart in Norway, perhaps not in Europe. Generally, the Norwegian cataracts are formed by streams of moderate size, which fling themselves over a steep precipice into a gloomy chasm; but here the whole body of water of a river, 400 feet in width, falls at once 100 feet or more: the Rhinefall at Schaffhausen more nearly resembles it than any other we could recollect. But here are fewer natural impediments to break the mass of water, which descends in curving eddies so clear, that the fearful pace with which they shoot over the brink is almost imperceptible; till near the bottom they meet some jagged rocks, which fling them back again in clouds of foam and spray. Below the fall, the river expands into a sort of lake; and the effect is rather heightened than impaired by some picturesque sawmills built close upon the Fall. There is an upper cataract, but far inferior in height and beauty to the lower one.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "PRINDS GUSTAV."

"Round the shore where loud Lofodden
Whirls to death the roaring whale."—CAMPBELL.

"It was a wild and weather-beaten coast."—*Don Juan*.

WE decided to go to the North Cape, and embarked upon the steamer "Prinds Gustav."

Although we arrived in Thronthjem the day behind the fair, many of those who had come from a distance to the great annual gathering still lingered there: to that portion of them which was northwards bound, the departure of the "Prinds Gustav" offered a favourable opportunity of regaining their native valleys; and, accordingly, we had a goodly sprinkling of the peasantry on deck. A curious assemblage it was, and great was the amusement they caused us: some were old stagers, who had made the voyage before, and held themselves out to their less experienced companions as men of travel, who had seen somewhat of the world: both sexes and all ages were there, from the child in arms to the tottering old man, whose strength seemed scarcely

equal to the rigours of another arctic winter. Man, woman, and child, each was the possessor of a wondrous box, whose contents were of the most varied description ; generally, over a substratum of wearing apparel, was a surface-soil of eatables and cooking apparatus. These cumbrous chests were the constant care and object of solicitude of their owners ; they sat upon them by day, slept upon them by night, except some favoured few, who managed to secure for themselves a warm perch on the wide-expanded base of the funnel ; the rest trusted to the warmth of their coats, the protection of a tarpaulin, or the covering of a spare sail. About four in the morning, a movement would take place among the sleepers ; one by one they rose and stared around, shook their wet bones, and smoothed their wet locks, and then would commence the search for the confounded box, from the depths of whose recesses would emerge a kettle and some coffee ; the morning cup of coffee was an universal custom ; and when this had been quietly disposed of, another dive would be made into the box, and the eatables appear—loaves of bread, brown or black, ends of cheese, dry and soapy, and a small keg of butter, thickly studded with little rocks of salt. About noon, another hunt for boxes ; another search for hidden treasures. Again in the evening they would fly to their darling chests, and then, after a frugal meal, compose themselves to rest. Such was the daily life of a deck-passenger on board the "Prinds Gustav."

First and foremost among our acquaintances was a huge brawny fellow, enveloped in a coat of dog-skins; great must have been the mortality in the canine race, for great was the variety of hair that adorned his stupendous frame. At the very least one set him down for a Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord: but, no; a peaceful man was he, a very Orpheus, whose sweet tones cheered and enlivened all, lulled to rest their rising passions, suggesting tender thoughts of Venus, or lively longing for 'Terpsichore; in fact, he was an organ-grinder: and merrily for hours did he grind away, his sole reward the good-will of his delighted listeners.

Next to the musician was an animal, whose pride seemed centred in a pair of woolly, fingerless sacks, euphemistically denominated gloves; happily, he also possessed a pair of enormous claws, between which and the aforesaid gloves the processes of insertion and exertion were being continually carried on: he was also seen to masticate; and in these interesting operations consisted his sole pastime. He was not heard to speak, nor seen to smile; his eye twinkled not at the merry jest, sparkled not at the cheerful laugh of woman; but stared, stupid and vacant, from out a mass of cheek, suggestive only of whale-blubber. Perhaps he had fed on star-fishes, and derived from them his look of inane composure and stolid indifference.

We had also on board an aged lady from the far north; her costume partook of the style prevalent in

Finmark, the most remarkable features being a long outer garment of flannel, succeeded by a pair of boat-shaped boots, à nez retroussé: her countenance beamed with kindness and shone with good-nature; a physiognomist would have declared her the most benignant of women. We afterwards learned that she was returning from a captivity of some years' duration, by which, thanks to the abolition in Norway of capital punishment, she had atoned for the murder of her child.

But space will not permit us to dilate upon the peculiarities of all our *compagnons de voyage*. We must pass over the maudlin old fellow, whose frequent applications to the bottle had not only rendered him loquacious and argumentative, but had inspired him with a desire to embrace all whom he met. We must pass over the merry-andrew—more intelligible than the rest, since he spoke a little German—whose legs had a habit of running away with him, and generally ended by bringing him into close proximity to a flask of ale: nor, as bachelors, can we compromise ourselves by stopping to express our admiration of a baby, although it *did* remain on deck for six days and nights, and never once gave utterance to a scream. We dismiss, too, without further remark, a young lady, whose claim to be considered the belle was only marred by the absence of front teeth. But we cannot forget to sound the praises of her whose ruddy cheeks, black eyes, and raven locks, distinguished her above all the fair-haired

daughters of the north. Who did not admire her homespun jacket, her pretty little boots, and her crimson socks? Who could help joining in her merry laugh, or fail to be amused at her playful wrath, when she was called a Swede? A dear little girl was the black-eyed Ingebor!

To sum up, in one word, our character of the peasants;—there was universal good-nature, accompanied by universal chewing of tobacco: the consequence of the latter was, that the deck of the steamer was neither more nor less than a gigantic spittoon.

But while we were thus cultivating the acquaintance of the peasants, Z was consoling himself in the cabin; he had been attacked with tooth-ache, or something of that kind, and had managed to present so interesting an appearance, that he had excited the commiseration of a fair and English-speaking girl, in whose smiles we found him basking, and (need we add) recovering. Lucky, indeed, was it for our susceptible friend that the home of the charmer was not far distant. A few more hours of her society, and he would inevitably have been a "gone coon," and have offered himself and his curacy* to the adorable Rosa. We had also on board the first of Prussian artists, two Americans and their wives, and many Norwegians, of whom two only call for notice: one was a meek-looking parson, a smug man, clothed in a suit of the seedy black usually worn by

* Stipend 50*l.* per annum: 14,000 parishioners.

nonconformist divines; the other was a bishop, a dapper little dog, got up in a brown shooting-coat and wide-awake.

The really grand scenery of the west coast of Norway commences with the island of Torghädden. During the previous voyage of two days from Throndhjem, the cliffs were not finer than on the Scotch coast, of which they reminded us much. We saw similar spurs of the mountains descending abruptly to the sea, generally of nearly uniform height, with little strips of white sand in narrow bays here and there. But we missed the rich colour of the heather; sea, and sky, and hills were all alike, of a dead grey; and the wildness was not, as yet, sublime enough to compensate for its absence. The steamer threaded her way through a net-work of islands, generally low and undulating, but occasionally rising about as high as the mast-head; those that are less steep can boast of some scanty pasturage, sufficient for a few cows and goats, whose milk forms the principal food of the hardy fishermen who inhabit those sterile abodes; but the greater part are uninhabited, and perfectly barren. Every few miles, in the most sequestered nook of any islet less inhospitable than its neighbours, we came in sight of a village consisting of about three houses, clustered round a little stone church: anything more thoroughly out of the world cannot well be imagined. In the summer, the weekly visits of the steamer form a connecting link with the rest of mankind; but

from October to April all communication is at an end, unless it be by open boat across a sea full of floating ice. The rocks are usually covered with cylindrical stacks of salted cod-fish, piled up to dry in the sun, awaiting the arrival of one of the large boats, which, conspicuous by their one square sail of red canvas, were continually passing us, when they would be transported to Bergen, and thence to France, to Spain, and Italy.

As we passed Torghåtten, we could plainly see its curious and famous cavern. It is about half-way up the conical mountain which forms the whole island. A magnificent natural arch forms its portal, from which have been flung down, ages back, a long deluge of granite blocks, piled one above the other, looking like the steps of a gigantic staircase. We could clearly see light through, and felt quite satisfied that the cave extended to the other side ; but from its height above the deck of the steamer, to see the sea through it was, of course, out of the question.

Late in the afternoon we were off the range of peaks called the Seven Sisters. They apparently form a promontory of the mainland ; but really they are on an island, which divides the Vefsen Fjord into two arms. The grandest view was when we had nearly crossed the most northerly of these : then we could see their true nature—a vast range of granite, without a living thing, or a green herb, to break its lifelessness, rising uninterruptedly to a plateau, whence the seven similar peaks,

quite detached one from the other, tapered up. Deep horizontal fissures run along their sides; and these again being crossed at right angles by others worn by streams, give to the mountains the appearance of giant masonry. They are slightly curved into shallow bays, the high ridge between each of which rests against the main mass like a huge buttress. Their desolate sublimity was heightened by contrast with the smiling little hamlet of Sövig at their feet: it lay there nestling among its green trees, with a band of pleasant grass by the side of its glassy bay, and above towered the cold grey peaks, silent and wintry, wrapped in a mysterious veil of clouds.

Then came the Threnen Islands—a most strange group. As we saw them by the pale, weird glimmer of morning, they looked more like the imaginations of a poet's dream than realities. They are all extremely lofty, rearing themselves in every possible contortion of form towards the sky: some are clusters of jagged pinnacles of dark volcanic rock; others are smooth perpendicular cliffs, as if cut with a knife: and all this confusion of wild shapes only forms the foreground to continuous fields of snow and ice, of which we got glimpses here and there. All these rocks seem to have been subjected to the action of fire, and strongly resemble, in their colours and their texture, the refuse slag of an iron furnace.

At Grötö, abreast of a grand mountain which rose up from the land like a rearing horse, we altered our course

and struck across the Vest Fjord towards the Lofoddens. We could see them through the haze, some twenty miles off, looking like a regiment of giants stalking out to sea. Land of mystery and legend ! From the days when we first heard of the Kraken, and the sea-serpent, and the Mälstrom, when we read Poe's terrible tale, we have ever thought of the Lofoddens (at least, if we thought of them at all) with an indefinable awe. There is something about an island which always appeals to a man's sense of the marvellous : isolated, cut off from the regular life of a continent, it is more adapted to be the cradle of a wild belief, and the scene of lawless deeds. But our expectations, sanguine as they were, fell short of the reality. Imagine the aiguilles of Mont Blanc set in the midst of the sea, and you will have some idea of these islands—not less jagged are the spires into which their summits are shapen, not less steep are their sides, round which runs a shelf of rock, on which, at a small elevation above the sea, are built the numerous little fishing villages. The channels between them are narrow, worn into quaint semicircular bays, whose every rock is covered with the fish which the assiduity of the mariners, living in yonder hut behind the cliff, has laid out there to dry. Nor let us fail to mention the jelly-fish : the sea was quite alive with them : as one looked over the bows of the ship, they were seen in numbers displaying their varied hues, and distending their thin tissues. Some were more than two feet across : others

again, delicate and small, of a pale, silvery lustre, compared with which the water in which they floated seemed of the deepest blue. A strange life must be that of a fisherman here. During summer their small log houses, built on stout piles wherever the rocks offer a sufficiently smooth surface, are comfortable enough; but during the long winter night, when the sea is choked with ice, and the might of the north wind descends upon them, their powers of endurance must indeed be put to the test.

When we first saw the Lofoddens, it was a cold evening, and the isles were veiled in a robe of mist, through which they loomed awfully—a strong contrast to the aspect under which we saw them on our return voyage. Again it was evening, and we beheld their peaks bathed in a warm flood of purple light: and at dawn, we enjoyed all those magic effects of light and shade which give such a charm to morning among mountains. The strong light gave prominence to every projection, and threw the dark fissures into deeper shade, while the sharp grey pinnacles of rock rose clear into the air.

Shall we, or shall we not, disabuse the public mind on the subject of the Mälstrom? Shall we tell how it requires a long prevalence of south winds to render it dangerous at all? No, no; go on in thy persuasion, dear public; believe in thy whirlpool, and hail as heroes those who have heard its roar, and escaped from its eddying gulf!

On the 5th of July we anchored at Tromsø, the most important town in Finnmark. The term "important town" is, of course, relative, and the place important only by comparison with the others that one meets with in those remote districts. This capital of a province, this city, the head of an extensive diocese, may be described as consisting of a single unpaved street of wooden houses, with a row of warehouses at the water's edge. Its most remarkable building is, of course, the cathedral. We had heard that Tromsø was an episcopal town, and rushed ashore, not perhaps expecting, but indulging in some slight hope, to see another Thronhjelm. But no cathedral could we find: we found an inn that gloried in the title "Bellevue:" we even found a public clock, to which was attached a small town-hall; but still the cathedral was *non est*. At length X, acting on the rule—"given, a building whose use, for any purpose whatever, seems impossible, write it down a church,"—committed himself to the rash assertion, "Here we are!" The effect was magical: the ground on which we stood was at once perceived to be "holy ground," the lumbering barn-like building became a "sacred edifice," and was at length pronounced by our architect to be "cruciform, —a remarkable specimen."

But though the town is peculiar rather for its want of all peculiarity, and seems wrapped in a slumber of ages, this drowsy appearance does not extend to its inhabitants, who are wide-awake enough to drive a brisk trade; and

many were the vessels, Russian and others, which we found anchored in the sound. The hills around were all covered with snow, which extended down their sides, in many cases nearly to the sea. It had the strangest effect to be walking in July about a town, with any, however slight, pretensions to comfort and pleasantness, and whenever the eyes were raised, to find them resting on a wintry panorama, hushed in that singular stillness of the air, which so often exists in the neighbourhood of large masses of snow.

We took a boat and crossed over the narrow strait that separated us from the mainland: the spot where we landed was stony ground, thickly strewn with sea-weed; and great was the harvest of *Echini* that were disporting their prickly selves within a few feet of the shore. We walked some distance up a marshy valley, and as we walked, the weather, cold before, grew colder, and the sky grew cloudier until at noon the downfall came: thick and fast the snow-flakes fell, wafted hither and thither by the gusts of the ever-varying wind, drifting up the valleys, and over the mountains, which they hid from our view, until at length the sun shone forth again, and darting his rays through the drops of rain that mingled with the fleecy snow, produced a rainbow of surpassing beauty.

Three or four miles up this valley is an encampment of Laplanders. It consisted of a single hut, a goat-house, a couple of skeleton huts which served as storehouses, and a fenced enclosure within which the reindeer are

driven at milking time. The habitation was built inside of small trees placed more or less in conical form, and strengthened externally with a few stones and mud: it had but two apertures—the door, and a hole at the top which acted both for chimney and window; the only piece of furniture was a small table, no chairs or beds: the floor, covered with young twigs of birch, served the inhabitants for a seat, and skins spread thereon served them for a couch. Cooking utensils were abundant, particularly copper pans and copper kettles, and there was a much-prized article in the shape of a pair of bellows. Unfortunately, most of the Lapps were away with their herds, and did not return while we stayed at the encampment: we saw but one man and a boy, three aged ladies in coats of rein-skin, and one young woman of somewhat prepossessing appearance, for her hair was black, her eyes dark-brown, and her features not ill-formed; her countenance beamed with good temper, and she wore leather breeches. The occupation of the ladies at the time of our visit was to peel off the bark from branches of willow, to be used, we presume, in preparing the skins of the slaughtered deer.

We regained the water-side before 10 P. M., and, after a hasty bathe, were soon again on board.

Perhaps the finest piece of scenery in this northern region is that in the Lyngen fjord. A lofty range of mountains, some sixty miles in length, forms the south boundary: the plateau of these is a vast bed of snow

and ice, above which rise the short and tooth-like peaks, while down many a gully the glaciers descend, almost to the level of the sea, looking like foaming torrents which some sudden spell had arrested in their downward flow. We saw them in the early morn; and such was the impression produced by the marvellous solitude and utter desolation of the scene, that it remains indelibly fixed in the memory, and we ever felt that, however sublime might be the views we subsequently saw, none was so grand as this.

Passing Loppen, we experienced some rough sea, for we were there unsheltered by islands, and exposed to the full fury of the Arctic Ocean. But on entering the Öksfjord, it became smooth again, and left us at liberty to admire the black and barren mountains which rose abruptly from the water on either side the narrow channel, and which terminated in bold and jagged outline, streaked and strewn with snow of virgin purity, brilliantly contrasting with the dark rock beneath. Less wild in character, and more quiet in its beauty, was the Alten fjord, a sheltered and fertile spot in the midst of the surrounding desolation: green valleys intersected the hills, the lower parts covered with alder, the higher well wooded with pine and birch: patches of snow still lingered at their summits, but in general they were clothed with verdure; and the neat cottages and pasture-lands gave a comfort and homeliness to the scene that was the more pleasing from its being so

unexpected in a latitude of seventy degrees. The fertility of the place, and the existence of copper in the hills that surround the Kaafjord, have rendered this a comparatively populous neighbourhood ; and there may be seen, not only the Norwegian, but the Laplander, and the Quain. The Quains are a stranger race, coming probably from Finland, of good stature and fine appearance : their language is peculiar to themselves, but in other respects they have lost most of their distinctive marks. Though commonly called Finns, by which name also the Laplanders are designated, the two races must not be confounded : the latter is the race of short stature and nomad habits, living either by fishing or on their herd of reindeer. We had a couple of these last mentioned on board, an old woman and a lad : their costume was very picturesque, the boy's consisting of a blue cap with a broad border of red and yellow, a grey smock, whose seams were adorned with blue and yellow, and which was contained by a smart belt all covered with braid and buttons ; his trousers were dark blue—the whole made of a coarse woollen stuff ; the boots were of reindeer-skin, canoe-shaped, large and baggy at the ancles, and tightened above by means of long red woollen thongs : while the woman wore a red cap, towering high up behind, adorned with blue and yellow—a chocolate-coloured robe, touched up with red and yellow, with a bright broad band of scarlet at the bottom. Her knitted gloves were blue.

CHAPTER V.

HAMMERFEST.

"The sun of heaven was loth to set."—SHAKSPERE.

AFTER passing a comfortable week on board the "Prinds Gustav," we landed at Hammerfest about 11 P.M. on the 6th July.

Our first proceeding was to rush to the top of the hill behind the town, to obtain a good view of the midnight sun: we gained the summit, and beheld him in all his glory. We had long been accustomed to have the night turned into day, and had ceased to be reminded by the absence of light that there was such a thing as a time for repose; but now for the first time we enjoyed a clear and uninterrupted view of the sun shining the whole night through. Ridge after ridge of treeless snow-patched hills lay stretched in panoramic view around, between which, at intervals, peeped out the blue of ocean: beneath our feet lay the little town, half hidden in the shade of its protectors; but not a motion took place in its street that was not visible, not a movement of an oar in its harbour that was not seen. To say that we saw all this with noon-tide clearness would fall

short of what we experienced: we saw, or fancied we saw, with an almost supernatural distinctness—it was a beauteous pale yellow light that was suffused over all the hills, and brought them out with a sharpness and vividness astounding; while not less striking was the perfect clearness of every object in the shade.

We seemed to have passed from planetary existence, and our thoughts winged their way from this “our lodging in the murky suburbs of creation,” and lost themselves in speculations about the happy life of those who people the countless suns that roll through the immensity of space,—a life of perpetual summer and perpetual day—a life to be lived alone by the incorruptible, the immortal.

The town of Hammerfest is built round the shores of a sheltered and secluded bay, whose waters, protected by a breastwork of lofty islands, preserve a glassy calm; at its mouth stands a huge lump of rock which rises out of the sea like the head of some gigantic serpent. On the land side it is guarded by high hills which ward off every blast from east or north or south. It is the northernmost town in the world, and contains a population of 1100 souls. There is a church, an inn, about half-a-dozen shops, a considerable number of warehouses, a collection of wooden houses, some few of them good and commodious, and, lastly, an assemblage of mud hovels. The roofs of these hovels were covered with green and tender grass, which proved a constant attraction to the

goats ; the supply, however, was not so great but that the bearded brutes were glad to avail themselves of the sea-weed that grew upon the shore.

The warehouses were full of skins, dried fish, and oil, all of which are exported ; the price of a reindeer skin was about a dollar (4*s.* 6*d.*), the same for a white fox, three *spd.* for a red fox, three or four for a wolverine : otters were rather dear, and so were bears ; but the most expensive were the skins of a bluish grey fox, with a beautifully soft thick fur, specimens of which, when the markings assume the form of a cross, have sold for thirty, fifty, and even one hundred dollars. The dried fish—*stokfisk*, as it is termed—is a small species of cod ; the head is cut off, the body split, and then simply dried in the sun. It is from the livers and refuse of these fish that the oil is extracted ; the process of boiling down causes a vile stench to pervade the whole place—a smell, however, not peculiar to Hammerfest, but extending over the whole of Finnmark.

In this lively and odoriferous town it was our fate to spend five mortal days : fortunately we had comfortable quarters at our inn, and for a dollar a day we fared sumptuously ; each had a nice little chamber, to which a cup of coffee was brought in the early morn ; and by the bye, what a charming Norwegian custom it is, to have a neat damsel, whose bright looks vie with the brightness of the morning, to bring to your bed-side a supply of divinely made coffee, with its attendant biscuit or rusk ! Refreshed with this, we rose to find a plen-

teous breakfast awaiting us ; a few hours brought a still more plenteous dinner. Salmon whose rich and rosy flakes would have charmed the palate of an alderman—reindeer whose flesh gave out an unctuous and savoury smell, and whose tongues were given up as a tender offering and ready sacrifice to the devouring tooth—hazel hen, whose plump breasts revelled in oyster sauce—and then would come preserves, and cakes, wine-creams, and fruits—almonds from “infidel Smyrna,” the raisins of Malaga, and, to crown all, the golden apple of the Andalusian grove. Oh ! what a contented view did we take of human affairs, as we sipped our post-prandial coffee at Hammerfest ! Nor was this all, for a supper would follow, a supper whose varied delights eclipsed even the glories of the mid-day meal ; and then we sallied forth to gaze upon the sun, “not dipped in ocean’s stream.”

οἷος τ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὀκεανοῖο.

We have said that we investigated every nook and corner of the town : we did more—we rambled and scrambled over the island and up its hills—at one time along a valley where a small herd of reindeer was seen ; at another to the top of the highest fjeld to bathe in an icy tarn ; at a third with no other object than to pluck the few flowers that adorned the rounded summits : once, we even met with a copse of stunted trees. And here we would make especial mention of a dwarf bramble (the *Rubus Chamæmorus*, we believe), whose fruit, under the name of *Multebær*, is prized and gathered

by the people, and a capital preserve is made thereof; at this time it was in full flower, but, to our grief, the crop turned out a failure, and we tasted none but the previous year's conserves.

The morning before we left, our ears were saluted by a strange noise which utterly failed to explain from what instrument it could proceed; on looking out of the window, it was found to be caused by a ragged and shoeless urchin, who was beating what might by flattery be termed a drum. When the din ceased, a shabby-genteel individual read a proclamation to the free and independent electors of the borough of Hammerfest, inviting them to exercise their electoral rights. The mode of procedure seemed somewhat round-about, for they did not at once choose a representative, but they chose a certain number of persons, to whom is delegated the power of choosing for the community at large. Tromsö, Hammerfest, and Vadsö are the only towns in Finnmark; the former chooses five delegates, Hammerfest two, and Vadsö one, being a delegate for every fifty voters. These eight then meet, and select two, either out of their own number, or from the general body of electors. The two thus appointed are members of the Storting. This body holds its sittings every three years, and consists of 130 members; of these forty are selected to constitute the Lagthing, or Upper House, and their places are supplied by new members, chosen as before.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTH CAPE.

“Icy caves,
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff.”—TENNISON.

WE left Hammerfest three hours before midnight, by the screw steamer “Gler.” A delicious evening it was, so bright and still, as the sun descended towards, but not to, the sea of heavenly blue; calm in its loveliness. Six hours sufficed to bring us off Maasö, on which island we landed, only for the purpose of leaving it again as soon as possible in an open boat, rowed by four stalwart fellows, while we reclined luxuriously in the stern on a couch of reindeer skins. In four hours we were at Gjesvær; and having a letter from one of the Hammerfest merchants to the chief man of the place, we stopped to feed and look round. Not a vestige of a tree was there on the island; the house, a comfortable one and nicely furnished, was built on the bare rock, and all about there was nothing to be seen but

fish, fish, fish, hung out to dry on long rows of palisades, or piled up in heaps upon the ground: the average catch at this station was said to be 100,000 fish, but last year it had amounted to 170,000. Another four hours' rowing brought us at five in the evening to the Tuffjord, and we landed on Magerö, the island whose extremity is the North Cape. We had with us a knapsack a-piece, and X also carried a gun; the latter was now loaded, the knapsacks shouldered, and off we went in search of the Cape. But either our maps or our compass misled us, for we got too far to the east; and after a couple of hours' walking, and wading across several streamlets, we came upon a little settlement which gloried in the name of Skarsvaag. But even here our customary luck had not forsaken us; for it so happened that the factor at Gjesvær had given us a letter to the factor at Skarsvaag, the presentation of which caused us to be hospitably entertained, and led to an immediate cooking of fish and boiling of potatoes. Nor was this enough—our entertainer insisted upon accompanying us to the Cape; and accordingly we started at 8 P.M., attended by a little Finn who served as guide, and carried a bottle of wine to be drunk when we had reached the north limit of our wanderings. Of ptarmigan and golden plovers there were plenty; but beyond these, with the exception of a wild goose which did not come within shot, we saw nothing. Our host turned out to be a native of Flensburg, and consequently spoke German,

which rendered communication with him somewhat easier ; his wife and family spoke only Norsk. The walk was both tedious and fatiguing: in parts, the ground was stony, in others, covered with snow, while a considerable portion was marshy and boggy, and many were the streamlets through which we had to wade. As the top of each ridge was reached, we looked eagerly northward, hoping to see the sea, and the sea alone ; but the land seemed interminable, for ridge followed ridge, and mound succeeded to mound in endless variety of mis-shapeness, until at length we saw in front of us a somewhat wedge-shaped, gently ascending slope. Before midnight we reached the point, and stood on the very head of Nordkap, whose granite foot, 1000 feet below us, was washed by the Polar Sea. A noble fellow is that same Nordkap, standing out boldly, a strong tower of defence against the attacks of never-resting ocean ; he laughs to scorn the puny attempts of his untiring assailant, the lashing of whose waves is but as a cool refreshing shower, after the fierce and fiery throes that in former ages have rent him, and of which the strata, twisted and contorted into every shape and direction, gave unmistakable evidence. A dark and cold-looking rock is he, forming a perpendicular, almost an overhanging cliff, inaccessible from the base, even with the aid of the sharply-cut chasms which exist on his western side. To our left hand was the far-projecting tongue of land called Knivsjøerodden ; to the right, the distant promontory of

Nordkyn; and in front, a wide expanse of sea and sky, which seemed to blend into one broad sheet of blue, in the centre of which was set the sun, gem-like, spreading over all a deep golden and ruddy haze. By the aid of a telescope, a solitary open boat was to be seen buffeting with the waves, while numerous small whales were disporting themselves around. On the land side, all was bleak and barren saving the presence of a pretty warmly-coloured flower, which reared its little crimson head from among the stones, and looked lovely amid the surrounding desolation.

We felt disappointed in not seeing any eagles, which are generally to be met with, but not one came in sight. We had therefore to content ourselves with more ignoble game, and carried off in triumph a pair of adventurous beetles (*Curculiones*), whose tough covering enabled them to resist the inclemency of the place. For an hour we gazed on the scene; then, having drunk our bottle of wine, the descent commenced, and before 4 A.M. we were in bed at Skarsvaag.

When we arose, friend Schwensen showed us his stock of dried fish, his cows and pigs, his bit of grass-land, and his patches of oats and rye. We felt some delicacy about offering to remunerate him for all the trouble we had caused; our offer was declined, and we parted, after making some trifling presents to the children, with mutual protestations of delight. Never was more genuine hospitality more freely accorded; the memory of our night at

the North Cape will long survive, and let us hope that the visit of the three Englishmen to Skarsvaag will be called to mind, not without pleasure, by those kind and hearty folks, and serve perhaps to beguile the tediousness of some few hours of their long and dreary winter.

We set out under the guidance of our little Finn, Sansen, to walk to the south-east part of Magerö, to a place called Kjelvig. After several hours' labour beneath a broiling sun, without one breath of air, a prey to myriads of gnats or mosquitoes, we came to Skibsfjord. Now, we had taken with us from England a certain amount of preserved meats, among the rest some glutinous stuff of which soup was to be made, but as yet we had had no necessity for using them : here, then, seemed a favourable opportunity to initiate ourselves into the mysteries of potage-making ; for by the side of the water stood several wretched hovels, whose aspect proclaimed them at once of Lapp construction ; the inhabitants, however, were of a lower grade than our Tromsö acquaintances—they owned no herd of deer, and possessed no other property than their fishing-boat. The hovels were of mud, grown over with grass, the door excessively low ; and before gaining the principal apartment, several low and pitch-dark rooms had to be groped through, at the imminent risk of cracking one's skull : the inhabited part was not so dark, deriving its light through the chimney ; there were beds arranged round the walls, about a foot high, covered with reindeer and sheep skins ; and in one

corner was a loom, with a half-woven piece of the coarse cloth or flannel of which the Lapp's garments are composed. On a rude table were sundry bowls, containing sour milk and porridge ; and on the shelves were more bowls and spoons, and a rough attempt at a lamp. The whole thing was wretched enough, but not so squalid or dirty as we had been led to believe ; the eating-vessels and boiling-pans were scrupulously clean, and having, with some difficulty, explained our wishes to the intelligent-looking mistress of the mansion, she rinsed out a small cauldron, lighted us a fire, and a soup was soon produced which, though execrable in itself, was unanimously voted good—in consideration, perhaps, of the inexperience of the cooks. Across the fjord we were rowed by our guide and one of the Lapps, who provided us with the boat ; at the end of the voyage, a duck was shot and given to the Lapp in acknowledgment of his services : he smiled satisfaction, and we parted. And now came the prettiest part of the whole walk, but at the same time the most severe ; we proceeded for some distance along a valley whose sides were covered with dwarf birch and willow, while the bottom was richly carpeted with forget-me-not and globe-flowers, and a beautiful white variety of *Pinguicula* ; but then we had to surmount a ridge of no mean height, and of unmistakeable steepness. Here, too, we noticed patches of pink or reddish snow, similar, we presume, to that observed by the Arctic voyagers. At length we came in sight of the sea, as we stood on the

edge of a high cliff; and, looking down, we beheld the Kjelvig of our desires securely seated at the bottom of a very ladder of rock, down which we rapidly descended, and found ourselves under the fostering care of one whose patronymic was none other than the good old English Bull.

On a green and fertile patch at the foot of an amphitheatre of high and rocky cliffs, which form the most secluded bay on the east coast of Magerö, stands a little church, one house, and three or four mud huts. This is Kjelvig. Over the cliffs bounds a cascade, bright and sparkling; at the mouth of the bay is an islet used for drying fish, and around are the fishing-boats; in the distance is beheld the long promontory of Nordkyn, the northmost point of the mainland of Norway. It was a Sunday—the population was at its ease. We went into the church, a new octagonal building of wood: its predecessor had been blown down in a storm, but the old bell remained, and appeared to bear the date MCCCCIII. There was no resident priest, but one comes every month during summer—in winter his visits are rare. On such occasions the church is well filled, and if the time of the visit be known beforehand, people come in their boats from great distances. We went into the huts, and found the interior arrangements similar to those at the Skibsfjord. During the summer, most of the Finns, however, slept out of doors upon skins or sails; in winter they crowd into the hovels, and sleep twelve or fourteen in

one small cabin. The costume of these gentry was very similar to that before described ; the boots of skin, very large and baggy, stuffed with hay to make them fit at all, and fastened at the ankle by a couple of yards of thick woollen braid, twisted round and round. A broad leathern belt went round the waist, inside which their knives were stuck. The caps of the men were woollen, usually of some bright colours, say red and yellow ; the crown being heavy, stuffed like a huge pin-cushion to a height of several inches, and, in fact, often serving as a pillow. The women's dress is very much the same, but they have a different cap, the front part fitting close and fastening under the chin, while at the back sticks out a great tower of wood, upturned at the end, and the whole covered with cloth, black, blue, or red. About noon, the Finns mustered to the number of twenty-five or thirty, and sat down, under the shade of a row of stokfisk, on the grass, round one of the party who read aloud, in a melodious voice, in the Finnish tongue, a translation of a sermon by some Norwegian bishop. Most of them are able to read, and many to write also ; all profess the Lutheran religion, and rush to church with avidity whenever there is service. When the reading was over, with the aid of our worthy Bull, we entered into conversation with them, and purchased several articles of their wearing-apparel : they were drawn up in a long line before us, and we were requested to choose from whom we would buy ; so we selected two of the prettiest young

maidens, and sent them home capless and blushing, proud of the distinction their beauty brought upon them.

In the bay was a couple of Russian boats. We went on board, and found them full of fish from Doggerbank, consisting of cod, a large flat fellow called helleflynder, and a few red ones, with enormous jaws; many were lying on the deck, while more were in the hold, already salted. The crew consisted of fine, athletic fellows, most of them with long beards, and intelligent-looking, generally of fair complexion; they wore tunics and trousers of linen, and boots up to the knee. In the cabin, which was adorned with a painting of the Saviour and with several charms or amulets, was an old gentleman, in an extremely happy state, from frequent potations of rum. A bottle was produced, a dish of Siberian berries, and some caviare; the latter we were ungentle enough not to care about, but the rum was pronounced excellent. Having fraternized with our late foes to the extent that signs and gestures admitted of, we cordially shook hands and parted—they to return to Archangel, we to Hammerfest.

CHAPTER VII.

SALTDALEN.

"Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows, crown'd with summer sun."

TENNYSON.

NOT tired of Northern life, we decided upon spending another week within the frigid zone, and attempting the ascent of Sulitjelma, the highest of Arctic mountains.

We accordingly landed at Bodö, at the mouth of the Saltenfjord: the time of our visit was unfortunate, for every one was painting and cleansing his house, in anticipation of some great electioneering meeting, and they, consequently, were unwilling to receive us or give us a lodging. As there was no such thing as an inn, we might have fared ill, had we not been furnished by our consul at Tromsö with a letter of introduction to a gentleman, who took great trouble on our account, set wine before us, and found us comfortable quarters for the night. Next morning we set out on foot, and walked some eight or nine miles along a capital road, through country whose greenness and fertility formed a striking

contrast to the barrenness of the northern scenery ; a little way from the village was the church and parsonage, in a comparatively rich and well-cultivated valley, abounding in birch, and sallow, and mountain-ash, at whose feet grew a profusion of flowers of every hue.

When the water's edge was gained, there was a lack of boatmen : thanks, however, to our training at that University the glory of whose system it is to fit men for most of the emergencies of life, we felt ourselves equal to the manipulation of an oar ; but when we reached the "Thousand Isles" the *strom* was too much for us, and we had to land and tow the boat up the rapid. We then entered the Skjærsfjord.

At Skjærstادت we first experienced priestly hospitality ; we landed to see the church, and have a draught of milk, and were immediately asked to stop all night. As evening had come on, we were not slow to consent ; so we walked round his charmingly-situated place, and had a long conversation with the clergyman. He spoke a little English, and gave us an account of the Church in Norway ; how the clergy consist of three orders, bishops, provosts, and priests ; how the bishoprics are five in number, Christiania, Christiansand, Bergen, Thronthjem, and Tromsö ; how the livings are all under crown patronage ; how every five or six parish priests elect their own provost (or archdeacon) for their district, while the bishops are elected by the assembled provosts, subject, however, to the approval of the King.

It was a Sunday when we left Skjærstadt, and a pretty sight it was to see the flotilla of boats which brought each its load of worshippers to the morning service; the whole bay seemed white with their sails, while many were propelled by ten or a dozen oars, the women taking their turn at the labour. We were nearly seven hours in arriving at Saltnes, at the extremity of the fjord; having landed near the church, we walked up to a good farm-house, and asked if we could feed. The greater part of the family was at church, but a merry round-faced girl prepared us a capital meal; after which we wandered over the hills and up the deep valleys, and enjoyed the pretty scenery until the congregation was dismissed: and by the bye, we had abundance of time, for the service lasted four hours and a half. When they emerged, every one was surprised to see us, but was delighted to have a chat; their curiosity was extreme, and many were the inquiries they addressed to us about England, and the towns in which we lived; they did not appear to have received much recent intelligence, for they heard with wonder and disappointment that the Russian war was one of the things that were. This was the more astonishing, as almost every district has its little newspaper; and the press being perfectly free, the people were ordinarily *au fait* with what was passing around them. We, in our turn, made inquiries of them, and particularly as to the practicability of ascending Sultjelma, but the information gleaned was scanty. In the

evening, however, on going into the storehouse of our host—for he was a sort of general dealer as well as farmer—we found a Lapp woman, from whom we learned that it was two days' journey to the mountain, and that on the morrow a Lapp would be coming whom we might be able to take as guide. The store in question was opened afterservice, to enable the people to take home their weekly supplies; the contents of the shop were of the most miscellaneous description; barley-sugar and candles, watch-keys and tobacco, bear-skins and coffee, ropes, garments, and biscuits. The Lapp women whom we saw here were decidedly more Lappish than our Tromsø friends, their dress more peculiar, and their partiality for buttons, rings, and ornaments more strong: one of them was a dark gipsy-looking woman, with long black hair hanging down all round her head, on the crown of which was a bright blue cap: suspended from her neck by a broad red band was a leathern cradle, within which was huddled and muffled up a little babe of a few weeks old: in her maternal pride, the good lady unpacked her child to let us gaze upon its features, in which, strange to say, we saw nothing remarkable; our benignant smiles were answered only by an infantine scream, bearing very considerable resemblance to the passionate howls poured forth by the "tender juvenals" of more civilized races.

The house of our entertainer consisted of three blocks, one of which seemed to be devoted almost entirely to the

use of the *Huus-fru*, who was an invalid, and whom, consequently, we did not see; a second was reserved for visitors and strangers; while the third, of course, fulfilled for the main part of the family the ordinary functions of a dwelling-house. The whole was well furnished with good substantial tables, and sofas, and a piano; on which, however, we had some difficulty in inducing the young ladies to play.

“Oh! ho! there were some young ladies, were there?”

Why of course there were, no less than four: there was the merry, moon-faced girl, devoted to house-keeping; there was the pair of quiet damsels, very twins, whose gentle, winning ways produced such an impression upon Y and Z; above all there was the fairy form of the little botanist, whose very presence called forth from their hiding-places the brightest petals and the loveliest flowers.

“The violets grew beneath her feet,
The lilies budded fair;
All that is beautiful and bright
Was gather'd round her there.”

Her form was as slim and pliant as the harebell's stem; her long brown hair floated in the breeze; her eyes were

“Of deep, soft, lucent hue—
Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey.”

Roses were her cheeks, and a rose her mouth—and, clad in a rosy robe, a very pink of perfection seemed she.

Now X needs at any time but small inducement to become botanical ; shall it then be recorded against him, as one of the *majora crimina*, that on that glorious Sunday afternoon he was seized with an especial admiration for the mute beauties of Flora's kingdom ? Can it be wondered at if, with such a teacher, he learned to dread the blue *Munkehætte*, culled from the meadows the yellow *Smörblom*, and gathered the blushing *Jordbær* from the sunny bank ? And if in their rambles the fair Louise plucked a gem-like flower, a topaz set in turquoises, and whispering low, "*Forgjemme ej*," gave the bright token to her companion, who shall blame him if in such an hour he vowed an eternal recollection of the giver ? Fear not, Louise, the vow shall not be broken ; long as remembrance lasts to recal a happy day, thou and thy simple Forget-me-not will form a cherished memory !

But where was Papa all this while ? We know not : perhaps, good man, he was attending to his shop ; we met him for the first time at the supper table, where we were joined not only by all those whom we have described, but also by a somewhat older lady who spoke a little German, by a nice little lad of twelve or fourteen, and by the youthful Caroline and Albertina. Then it was that we first arrived at a comprehension of the manner in which the Norwegian peasantry is named. Take any example, say Niels Petersen, Niels the son of Peter : his son will receive perhaps the baptismal name of Johan ; he is not, however, Johan Petersen, but Johan

Nielsen, Johan the son of Niels: the name Petersen is thus lost until some other child receives the Christian name Peter, when his son will of course revive it. The surnames of the peasantry thus change with every generation, or rather they have no surname at all: the same occurs with the girls, for the daughter of Niel Petersen would be, till married, Ingebor Nielsdatter. The same custom exists, we are aware, in the north of England to a certain extent: thus a man will be known as "Jack o' Tom's," or "Dick o' Will's," but in this case the surname is only dropped—it exists, whereas in Norway it has no existence.

It was at Saltnes that we tasted, to the greatest perfection, the *Surmelk*, on which we principally lived for some days. The fresh milk, with the cream, is put into flat wooden bowls, and allowed to stand in the sun: in the course of the day it becomes semi-solid, of a jellied consistency, with a pleasant sour flavour. In the peasants' cottages we used to eat it out of the large bowls, each taking a spoon and working away until we met in the middle; but at refined Saltnes, we had it served up in soup-plates, and modified with powdered sugar. At the conclusion of the meal, as at the beginning, a short pause was made to allow every one to say a silent grace, after which our host arose and made a polite bow to each of us in turn.

The result of our inquiries about Sulitjelma was, that there was no one in the valley who had ever been

actually to the mountain, but we found two men who had seen it in the distance. Leaving our knapsacks and valuables—in fact, everything but what we wore—in the care of our worthy friends, and taking only our gun and some bread and cheese for what we expected to be, at least, a four days' excursion, we started under the guidance of Niels Larssen and Hans Andersen. We began by pulling up an arm of the fjord, but our progress was slow, for the unconquerable curiosity of our guides induced them continually to rest upon their oars to ask some out-of-the-way question: so great was the personal interest they took in us, that they begged to know all our names, and politely asked whether we drank tea or coffee in the morning; such was their opinion of our skill as handicraftsmen that they concluded at once we were ourselves the fabricators of our gun, which they anxiously desired to purchase at the fancy price of ten dollars. Niels had provided himself with a bottle of brændeviin, to which he made frequent application: the bottle was taken from him; but it was too late—the potent spirit had produced its effect, and he was soon reduced to a maudlin condition, incapable of doing more than pour forth a ceaseless flow of unmeaning blatter. A short walk brought us from the fjord to a small lake, where we again took boat: the high cliffs, covered for the most part with pine, and descending sharply to the lake, from which a rocky river flowed, had more of a Swiss character than we had hitherto

seen in Norway: at the end of the pool was a narrow gorge, bounded on both sides by blocks of stone of no mean height, which conducted to another and more beauteous lake; the rocks, now red, now pale, and stained ink-black by the drippings from the mountains, falling sheer to the water's edge from an elevation of a thousand feet, their ledges and crannies filled on the one side with the dark fir-tree, while on the other the light birch hung gracefully: at the end was a cascade, which added to the scene the life and brightness of its whitened waters. Beyond this we entered a narrow river, and soon reached the cot of our younger guide; his wife, Christina, gave us the usual welcome—a cup of coffee—and then we sallied forth with Hans to be introduced to his neighbours, among whom was an old man who had already passed his hundredth year. We subsequently penetrated some distance up the valley through which the river tracked its course, and the views were beautiful in the extreme: evening had spread a rich dark purple over the hills with their varied foliage, and numberless cascades were falling all around into that fertile alluvial vale, so full of pretty nooks adorned with countless flowers and ferns. One may perhaps have wished for the song of birds, which was almost absent; yet there was abundance of life: moths and flies flew about in thousands, while the gnats—the only drawback to our pleasure—were a legionary pest, and buzzed and stung unceasingly. We slept on the floor of Hans's

produced, and cooked on a frying-pan with butter and pepper. They were beyond all praise. Hans and his wife, and one or two neighbours, who had not tasted flesh for some unheard-of time, were loud in their commendation of our culinary skill. At night we returned to the hospitality of Saltnes, where (of course) the weather was tolerably fine, though we had still the satisfaction of seeing the mountains all cloud-capped and impracticable.

Such was our failure to reach Sulitjelma.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WEDDING.

“Alles ist der Freude offen,
Alle Herzen sind beglückt,
Und die alten Eltern hoffen,
Und die Schwester steht geschmückt.”—SCHILLER.

HAVING taken leave of the pleasant family at Saltnes, we set out on foot to pursue our way up the valley of the river Salt. Before we left, a bridal party arrived, or rather three bridal parties, and great was the concourse on the occasion. Having already assisted at a similar ceremony, we did not think it necessary to delay our departure, but contented ourselves with a passing peep at the brides, whom we found half hidden in an enormous crown of artificial roses, and wearing a large silver heart suspended from the neck. It is only those brides of irreproachable character who are permitted to wear this honourable distinction.

The most remarkable feature in the valley was the wonderfully well-defined series of *parallel roads*, or terraces—old water-marks, showing that the whole must

once have been a vast lake, whose waters have at various times burst their barriers and gradually subsided, leaving behind them a rich alluvial deposit, fully accounting for the present fertility. At first we had somewhat of a road to guide us, but after a time we struck into the beautiful woods which shaded the left bank of the stream. Here we brought down several of a small species of rail, and succeeded also in capturing some fine frogs.

On arriving at Rusaanes, where we had planned to stay all night, we found that a wedding-feast was being laid; and it turned out that one of the brides whom we had seen at Saltnes was an inhabitant of that hamlet. The people were in momentary expectation of the return of the party from church, which by the bye was distant from fifteen to twenty miles. We were asked to join in the festivities, and consented eagerly. In about an hour, the distant sound of a brace of fiddles announced their approach. A procession was formed to go out to meet them; and not wishing to be outdone in attention to the "happy pair," we too went out to offer our congratulations. The assemblage now numbered about eighty people, of whom, however, nearly two-thirds were of the male sex. It was not until coffee had been served round to all, that we were conducted to the banqueting-room: and then commenced a series of incidents which kept us in a roar of laughter the whole evening through. Our risibility was first provoked by an ingenious propo-

sition made by one of the fair sex. The room being a dark one, and the evening gloomy, candles were required: in the temporary absence of a candlestick, the inventive lady gravely proposed to stick the dip into the middle of a loaf of bread: an animated discussion ensued, in the course of which an amendment was moved by a learned senior to the effect that the neck of a bottle should be called into requisition: on a division, the original motion was happily negatived, and the amendment carried amid much applause, to the evident discomfiture of the good lady of original ideas. When all were comfortably arranged—the garlanded bride at one end of the room, and the bridegroom at the other—the master of the house stood up and favoured us with a speech, in which he bade us welcome, and exhorted us to do justice to the good things God had provided. The oration was supposed to be a facetious one, and called forth many laughter-greeted repartees from the wits of the company; but though X, Y, and Z, with policeman-like sharpness, kept a keen look-out, they did not succeed in apprehending a single joke. The feast itself was a frugal one: the first course consisted of large supplies of bread, and cakes, and butter, and various kinds of cheese, together with copious libations of brændeviin, or corn-spirit, flavoured with aniseed. The second course was composed entirely of boiled milk with cheese in it, served up in enormous metal bowls, into each of which, in the twinkling of an eye, some half-dozen thirsty

spoons were plunged : this we did not much relish, but to the natives it seemed all attractive, and more than once were the huge bowls refilled. Then followed further potations of brændeviin; and when all were worked up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, everybody fell to shaking hands with everybody else,—none of your cold, fashionable, finger-touching, but a good, firm, hearty grasp, the pledge of warm and genuine welcome. When all had presented to our entertainer the customary “Thanks for the meal,” the room was cleared, the fiddles tuned, and the worship of Terpsichore commenced. We were requested to open the ball with the bride, but begged to decline the honour, preferring modestly to wait until we saw whether the dances of the Norwegian peasantry bore any resemblance to those with which we were acquainted. The fair Annolina was consequently first led out by one or two of the native gentry, and performed with each in turn a kind of minuet, whose chief excellence in our eyes was its perfect novelty. Then followed polkas and waltzes, waltzes and polkas; then was it that Z stepped out to claim the bride, and gyrated with mathematical precision; then was it that Y, swift-footed son of man, came forth and tripped the light fantastic toe: but for X was reserved the chiefest triumph—it was a polka; and when the pair had twice or thrice in circlelets described the circle of the room, clasping more tightly his partner’s slender waist, he started off in the opposite direction, and whirled her reversedly round.

All stood amazed at the daring of the deed ; they held their breath and stared in mute astonishment till the wondrous action ceased, and then with one accord rose up a cry of acclamation, long, loud, and strong ; the silver cup was crowned, and presented to the bold innovator, who quaffed its contents to the health of the radiant bride.

It was a point of honour that the newly married should dance with all who asked her ; he who was so honoured commanded the dance, and at its conclusion rewarded each of the musicians with a small piece of money. On one occasion the mother of the bride, in the joy of her heart, demanded a waltz ; and, by-the-bye, she was the best waltzer there : instead of the usual benefaction, she gracefully bestowed upon the men of music the innocent payment of a kiss.

In the course of the evening, the three distinguished strangers were requested to perform something peculiar to the land of their birth. We felt much as a New Zealander must when desired to exhibit to a grinning audience the war dance of his native isle. The absence of ladies precluded a country dance, and none of us was equal to a hornpipe. In a happy moment a Scotch reel was thought of : 'twas no sooner said than done : off went our coats, off went the fiddles, and then off went we. *Dulce est desipere in loco*. The pace was killing, and the whoops and howls both startling and effective.

Waltzing was kept up until the small hours came,

and then the amusements were brought to a close by what was called the *Lang-dands*—a game the point of which we did not see, and which bore some resemblance to follow-my-leader. One of the maidens took the bride by the hand, and all the girls then strung themselves on, when the whole body went running, skipping, and jumping, now in the house, now on the grass in front, threading in and out, every one following the foremost. All this time the fiddles fiddled vigorously, and ran in hot pursuit of the gamesters. A similar kind of thread-the-needle sport ensued on the part of the men, the *Brudgom* being victimised and dragged about to the same extent that his *Brud* had been. When this was done, the lady was stripped of her bridal wreath and dress, and escorted by a deputation of the fairer sex to the nuptial couch, to which her loving lord was shortly after conducted by a corresponding escort of gentlemen. The whole assemblage then retired to seek the shelter of the barn: we slept on birch twigs, covered with the skins of reindeer.

On occasions of this nature, the peasants are said to be much addicted to intoxication; but while we were there, everything was conducted with the greatest propriety, and there was an entire absence of excess; the behaviour of all was characterised by uniform good temper and thorough good feeling.

All rose at eight next morning. The festivities were to be continued, and would last, no doubt, so long as

the supply of brændeviin held out. We were pressed to stay another day, but, after breakfast, we prepared to depart. We were asked to contribute to a collection made from all the guests, and which is presented to the happy pair. Flattering ourselves that we had already by our affability enshrined in their memories a "monumentum ære perennius," a modest contribution was made from the common fund. So satisfactory, however, was it, that the father of the bride insisted on seeing us a mile on our way, and walked, up to the knees of his best trowsers, through the river Rus, to procure us a boat wherewith to cross.

Thus much of the *Bryllupfryd*, the Arctic bridal.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT ON THE FJELD.

"Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN we parted from our friends of Rusaanes, we continued to walk for several hours up the valley through beautiful woodland, until we found ourselves hemmed in by a high-towering snow-capped peak, the "Öl-fjelds-tind." The map had led us to expect a river, and consequently some tolerably level ground, running transversely from Saltdalen to another vale down which we purposed to proceed; but in this we were mistaken; the river turned out to be only a little torrent that came hopping and leaping down from the mountains, and there was nothing left for us but to stride manfully over the fjeld. We took a young fellow with us to the top, to point out the direction in which we ought to proceed. He accompanied us until we approached a huge wart-like excrescence of a mountain,

called the Ramsgjeltind, and then left us, with instructions as to the path to pursue. Whether or no we rightly understood his instruction, is one of those things which will probably ever remain undecided; but certain it is that the way was enormously longer than we had counted upon: besides we were beginning to get tired of the dreadfully monotonous nature of the fjeld scenery, with its endless series of ugly rounded ridges. The Dovre possessed the charm of novelty, and moreover was in itself more picturesque; in Magerö we had the exciting prospect of reaching the northern land-limit; on the Stor-fjeld we looked forward to Sulitjelma; but here there was nothing of the kind to animate us—we simply longed to come to the end of it. All was dreariness; the liveliest thing about it was its name, and much were we puzzled to account for its nomenclature. Many were the bottles of Baiersk-öl that we had emptied with considerable satisfaction to ourselves, but they did not help to a solution of the question, why this should be called the “Öl-fjeld, the beery-hill.” Ingenious Y at length explained the mystery: it was, doubtless, said he, because it is so elevated. Having crossed the ridge that ran up to the great dromedary-hump aforesaid, we had on our left the grand old mountain—volcanic once—the Nomelzhjok, and the Tollaadal before us; but the dale of the river Toll was a dale of enormous length: hour after hour we toiled along, our progress scarcely sensible. At length we

descended to the level of the stream, and pursued its course some distance, when suddenly, in front of us, appeared a precipitous cliff, over which the river made a fall of several hundred feet into a chasm down which we could not follow it. Here was a pretty predicament ! The river on our left, which we could not cross ; the precipice in front, which we could not descend ; and that nasty, tiresome, tedious hill on our right, up which we *must* go. The evening was now well advanced, for it was ten o'clock, but bright and clear as the day ; but then we had danced somewhat the night before, and had walked for twelve consecutive hours without a rest, almost without a meal. If we reached the top of the hill, we might probably be no better off, for not a trace of human life was near. We halted, therefore, for the night, collected moss and twigs of birch, and strewed them on the ground. Sheltered by a rock, we lay for a few moments gazing at the light cloud of mist that rose from the waterfall, and then, the gentle murmur invoking rest, we slept.

At two we rose refreshed. The supply of bread was small, and occasioned no long delay for breakfast. The fjeld was soon surmounted, and by 5 A.M. we found ourselves at the little hamlet of Tollaa, where the Toll unites its waters to those of the larger stream that runs down the valley to Bejern. The folk were all a-bed, and we wished not to disturb them at so unreasonable an hour : so on we went, and soon reached Israelsbakke,

a poor spot consisting of two cottages ; but the temptation was now too strong, and we could no longer resist our inclination for some soup. We opened the door, for it was not locked—doors seldom were, and if locked on the outside, the key was ostentatiously hung upon a nail in the very centre of the panel—woke the good people, who made us a fire, and for the second and last time we fed on glue-soup.

Continuing to walk by the side of the river, we passed some six or seven quiet country hamlets, each possessing its herd of cows, and its fertile plot of cultivated land ; producing, with very slight expenditure of labour, a fair crop of rye or barley. A quiet and peaceful life is that of the inhabitants of these northern valleys ; they rarely move from home, and to many the parish church forms the boundary of their wandering ; their houses built by themselves, their clothes home-made, their whole supplies home-grown, they lead a happy and contented existence ; yet, withal, they have a somewhat haggard look, as though a little better living would at least be not detrimental.

The walk was charming enough, but the heat was fearfully intense, so that we at length hired a man to carry our knapsacks and conduct us to a place whence a boat would be obtainable to take us back to Bodö. Arrived at the spot, we asked our guide whether there was an inn. Inn, of course, there was none, but he said there was a house where we could get some fish.

Accordingly, we went boldly to the house, a large and good one, and ordered some dinner. A nice, motherly, comfortable-looking lady received us most kindly; port wine, and cakes, and preserved cherries were placed before us: then coffee was served; and, finally, after an interval of an hour, the dinner came. Profuse were the apologies for the smallness of the salmon, but we found it excellent; the veal which followed was as good; while the *finale* of sweets, and the unfailing supply of St. Julien, left nothing to be desired. On inquiring what we had to pay for so sumptuous an entertainment, we were asked to consider ourselves perfectly welcome to all the house contained, for, added the good lady, "It is not so often that we see Englishmen, but that we can afford to give them a hearty welcome." Happily Z had concealed in his knapsack a little kerchief of rosy silk, intended to adorn the female neck; this trifle we begged our dear hostess to accept for her daughter, and then, accompanied to our boat by the whole family, after many leave-takings, and amid much waving of handkerchiefs and hats, we quitted Solojord for Bodö. It was a fine sunset, and the crimson glow that settled o'er sea and hill was calmly and solemnly beautiful. But we were tired, and slept.

Seven hours' rowing brought us to Bodö by midnight; the "Prinds Karl" had already arrived, and we were soon steaming southwards, and bade adieu, perhaps for ever, to the arctic zone.

CHAPTER X.

ON FOOT.

“ Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
Dim twilight lawns, and stream-illuminated caves,
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mists :
And far on high the keen sky-clearing mountains
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
The dawn.” —SHRLEY.

WE arrived at Thronthjem again without mishap, other than that of having been aground some seven or eight hours near Brönösund.

Before leaving the ancient capital, we had inquired what was a fair price for our carriages, and had given them in charge to be disposed of for fifteen dollars a-piece. Now there was in Thronthjem an old American, and he had two sons: and his sons said unto him, “Let us buy these carriages;” but he said, “Nay, my sons, for they are dear; but let us see these Englishmen.” Then those Americans walked straight into the Englishmen’s tent: and the old man lifted up his voice, and said, “I guess you Britishers have got some carriages to sell.”

And the Englishmen answered and said, "Truly, we be not merchants, but we wish to dispose of our waggons." "I guess they 're bad uns." And the Englishmen answered, "Look and see." Then those Americans did abuse the carriages, so that men might almost wonder how such wagons could ever with safety have been driven. But the old man said, "What d'ye ask?" And the Englishmen answered, "The price thereof is forty-five dollars." "I guess you 'll take thirty, and give us your whips and wraps in."

Now, in Yankeeland, such conduct *may* be thought "smart," "tarnation 'cute," or even "genteel." To us, not versed in mercantile habits, it appeared simply offensive and ungentlemanly; we therefore politely showed to our transmarine cousins the door of our apartment. On returning to Thronthjem, however, we found five-and-forty dollars awaiting us, and were informed that the purchaser was "that old American." We do not wish to hold him forth as a type of American travellers; we trust he was an exception—indeed, our own experience obliges us to say that, in the course of our rambles, we met with several with whom it was a pleasure to travel.

After a two days' stay in Thronthjem, we steamed away to Christiansund, a curious little town, situated on three islands, and completely hidden from view until we had passed through the narrow channel which formed the entrance to the harbour. The houses are built,

some on piles, most of them on the bare and uneven rock, so that no two stand on the same level. Thence to Molde. We had a fine stormy sunset, and a dark night. After five weeks of continuous day, the return to darkness seemed curious, and we were inclined to think ourselves hardly used. About ten o'clock we passed the steamer in which the Crown Prince was making a progress to the chief towns of his viceroyalty : the Norwegians were much more enthusiastic in their loyalty than we had expected ; many jumped out of their berths with alacrity, and all gave three hearty cheers, "*Længe leve Kongen !*"

Commencing at Molde, and running thence on the lower side of the Dovre to Guldbrandsdalen, is the glorious Romsdal, the "land of the mountain and the flood," the home of the waterfall, a very paradise of cascades. But our route lay not in this direction, nor would the clouds permit us to obtain even a distant view of more than the base of the gigantic Romsdalshorn. So we crossed the Molde-fjorde, then shouldered our knapsacks, and commenced the pedestrian portion of our tour. We walked southward, and soon, quitting the Thronhjelm Stift, entered that of Bergen. The scenery we encountered at first would not bear comparison with that of Nordland or Finnmark, and the cottages of the peasants seemed dirty and wretched, yet their herds were numerous and their crops good : all of them were busy mowing or making hay, the women clothed in

a sombre-looking costume, with short petticoat, and often shoeless feet. But after a time we descended a vale, down which a rocky torrent rolled, and which conducted us, through many a grove of fragrant wild roses, to a pretty village at the head of an arm of the Stor-fjord. Here was a nice little inn, surrounded by a nice little garden, in which (on the last day of July) currants were just turning red, while gooseberries were still quite green. We mention the place only for the sake of recording the excellence of Norwegian porridge. Often did we sup of this satisfying compound, and never was it better than at the little inn of Orskog.

At Stranden we were entertained by the priest, a pleasant man, who made us feel at home at once, and treated us with all hospitality. He understood some German, a little French, and less English; but did not speak any language but his own. From his parsonage, we should have had a charming walk, but for the rain, which soon began to fall in torrents, drenched us to the skin, and seemed to soak the very land through and through: but pour as it might, nothing could interrupt the progress of the hay-making. The men went on mowing, or rather chipping away, with an instrument which might well be regarded as a hybrid between a pocket-knife and an ordinary scythe; while the women hung out their grass to dry on rows of palings, for all the world like so many laundresses hanging out their clothes. We took refuge in a house at Herdal,

the sole supplies of which consisted of the coarsest flad-bröd, milk of both cow and goat, and butter made from each ; and, finally, a bed of hay and skins was made up for us on the floor.

Next day we began with a steep ascent, by a series of zigzags, to the top of a ridge which formed a complete barrier at the end of the valley along which we had on the yesterday proceeded. When we reached the fjeld, and during the descent to Ljöen, we had some glorious views of the mountains which surrounded the various narrow arms of the fjord: light clouds still hung over their summits, and in patches up their sides; on these the sun shone faintly, so that they looked like hoary-headed, snowy-bearded giants, sitting in conclave. Further on, we crossed another fjeld of no great elevation, the descent from which was most enjoyable: grand mountains were on either side, covered with birch and fir, with here and there a hamlet and its plot of grain; the broad valley, fertile and richly-wooded, sloped gently down to the blue lake of Horningdal. The crops of oats seemed especially to delight in their sunny situation, while now and then a little patch of hops, rearing their heads with all their native grace, gave promise of something to cheer the rustic soul. At the foot of the trees that partially shaded the path grew bilberries in profusion, and we feasted on the fast-ripening fruit. Here, too, we first heard the natives playing on their horns their wild mountain airs, the

Norwegian *Ranz des Vaches*; while, to put a fitting close to this scene of peaceful and rural beauty, at the end of the lake stood the little church, now being replaced by a new and more commodious edifice. Charmed with the prospect, we wished to linger there, and admire it at our leisure—having seen it at sunset, to see it by sunrise also; but the people at the boat-station were anything but obliging, and either could not, or would not, take us in; whether it was that our appearance was more than usually pick-pockety, or that they did not properly appreciate pedestrian excursionists, certain it is that then, for the first and only time, we were refused hospitality in Norway. Our next attempt was more successful, and beds were provided for us; the building set apart for our use was evidently the family repository for wearing apparel, which gave us a capital opportunity of discovering what was the Sunday or holiday attire of the district. There were gowns and capes by the dozen, all made of dark material, but with bright borders of blue, or red, or other gaudy hue; there were aprons by the score, with straps and strings all worked in brilliant colours, and variegated patterns; there were jackets for men and boys, generally dark, with brass buttons row after row. Some had the body dark, with crimson sleeves, while one was all of crimson, and adorned with golden tinsel; the waistcoats were of different colours, the prevailing one being green, and, like the jackets, with buttons in profusion.

Near a clean little gaard we found, standing by the road-side, an old lady with one eye, two men, and a couple of very pretty girls of perhaps some sixteen summers ; we asked some questions about the way, and they immediately took such an interest in our proceedings, and asked us so kindly to come in and assuage our thirst, that we at once assented. They brought out a great wooden bowl full of a yellowish drink with a slightly acid flavour ; we at first thought it was something of the nature of cyder, but we afterwards acquired a better acquaintance with it, and found that it was nothing but water mixed with milk which had gone perfectly sour, and in fact become green from very sourness. They made many inquiries as to our country, our names, and what we could possibly be doing in Norway ; whence we came, and whither we were going : our map was with them, as with almost all the peasants, a never-failing source of delight, and they were immensely charmed with our watches, and anything made of gold. The youngest girl seized hold of X's hand, exclaiming, " Oh, what a *pretty* ring ! " and of course X, observing that she too wore one, of blue enamel, could not help retorting upon her,—“ What a pretty ring is yours, and on such a pretty finger too ! ” The compliment was not unmerited ; for we saw not in Norway a hand more finely formed, more delicately white, than that of the peasant girl of Vik.

At Tonning, on the Indvik-fjord, we found a most

delicious little inn, surrounded by a small orchard and a garden, in which were dahlias, roses, sweet-williams, and many other flowers; the currants and the gooseberries were, alas! still green. It seemed a perfect paradise, from which we were not hastily to be expelled. We feasted, and then lay supine among the flowers, luxuriating in the shade; then strolled lazily up a beautiful valley, full of elms, and hazels, and alders; then cooled ourselves in the broad river, and finally returned to our little Eden. A gladsome time was that quiet Sunday at Tonning.

At Loden, Y, who was the curiosity-hunter of the party, found much to occupy him; for suspended from the roof of the church was a model of a ship in full sail with a double row of cannon, and hanging on the wall was an old rapier, round whose hilt was tied a scarf of crape. Many were the conjectures as to the origin of these relics; perhaps it is needless to add that no light whatever was thrown upon the subject. But these were not all—for here it was that Y made his most celebrated antiquarian discovery: his eye rested upon a broken stone, cruciform, pierced with a round hole through the middle, and partially buried in the ground. Enthusiastically he fell upon his knees before the cross, and by dint of washing and wiping, scrubbing and scraping, deciphered an inscription. Out came pencil and book and measuring-band; and the form and size of the wondrous cross were rapidly transferred to

paper. The astonishment of the village may be easily imagined. Every inhabitant crowded round.

"My good man," said Y, "do you know how this stone came here?"

The good man expressed his firm belief that "somebody had put it there."

"But when did he put it there?" said Y, quite unperturbed.

"I don't know," was the reply; "it was here long before our time."

Y cast a look of triumph upon X and Z, who, doubting and cavilling, were not disposed to see anything so very remarkable in the discovery of a cross in close proximity to a churchyard. Poor deluded mortals! they will doubtless sink into an untimely tomb under the weight of the withering scorn of the wonder-mongers, and leave behind them names, doomed to the eternal contempt of those sublimer beings who cultivate the love of the mysterious!

The curiosity of our antiquary at length appeased, we inquired our road, and were directed to a place called Sæten. It was but two or three miles, but the views were charming, so that we lingered by the way: at length the avant-courier called out, "Hurrah! here's Sæten!" "The devil he is!" replied the parson, and walked boldly to the van to confront his Satanic majesty. But our entry into his realm was unopposed: we even marched into the very citadel, and not a fiend was there:

in the whole village of diabolical name we found not a soul, excepting one woman, who had recently given birth to a man-child. We therefore trudged along to the edge of a beauteous but nameless lake, where a boat was moored; but we hesitated to carry off one of Sæten's ships, except under the protection of its proper Charon, and he was not to be found. At length, as luck would have it, a lame old man, whom we had seen before, came up, and was easily induced to take a passage with us, in order to bring the boat back to its moorings. He was an oddity—being afflicted with a disease in his hip-joint, he could only sit bolt upright: and to add to the queer-ness of his personal appearance, his beard was grizzly, and his teeth all gone; his clothes were tattered, and his feet were bare; in fine, as he sat on an oar laid across the boat, with his spindly legs tucked under him, he looked uncommonly like a scarecrow. Progression was slow, for the oars, like old maids, were the same breadth from end to end: one of them was exactly twice as long as the other, and instead of being straight, was well-nigh semicircular in form; finally, we were not blessed with rowlocks. We pulled, however, the whole length of the lake, about a Norsk mile, equivalent to seven English: the scenery was exquisite; the narrow water was bounded by lofty mountains, the lower half of which was clothed with birch, alder, and hazel, while the upper half was bare and rugged, and furrowed and scarred: over this, on our right, a glacier was just beginning to descend, and

formed a bright and glittering cornice above the wall of granite. At the end of the lake juts out a mighty promontory, dividing the two valleys which run thence into the heart of the mountains: down one of these two fine glaciers pour themselves, the northernmost streams of the great ice-field of Justedal.

CHAPTER XI.

JUSTEDAL.

! " Still, snowy, and serene—unearthly forms
Are piled around, ice and rock ; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steep."—SHELLEY.

THE snow-field of Justedal is one of enormous extent, so that to avoid the lengthened circuit necessary to get round it, it was decided to cross over the northern end, and then descend to the head of the valley, which gives its name to the icy tract. Three men accompanied us ; one as guide, the others as baggage bearers. A grassy level was soon reached, on which there was a *Sæter* : we stopped for the double purpose of obtaining some milk and admiring the striking scene that presented itself to our notice. The little plain seemed like the bottom of a well whose walls rose high around, broken only in the one direction of the gorge up which we had come : the cattle that grazed on the slopes looked mere specks, ourselves felt like pygmies, the *Sæter* appeared a fit abode

only for Lilliputians. Streams of ice surrounded us on every side, for into this little dale descended no less than four fine glaciers; of these, three had not descended very far down the mountain sides, but one came right into the plain, to the level of the cottages: the ice had a flaky appearance exactly like that of the Glacier des Bossons: and it had a double moraine, or rather two parallel moraines, with a level space between them all strewn with stones, as if the glacier had at one time extended further into the valley, but had now contracted itself within its former limits.

Close to this, and in vivid contrast with its frozen sides, was a steep slope all covered with *Salices*, *Lychnis*, *Aconitum*, *Alchemilla*, *Ranunculi*, *Euphrasia*, *Geranium*, and many other flowers, intermingled with some half dozen ferns. A little higher up were the Bilberry, Heath, and the pretty *Pinguicula*; and higher still the *Ranunculus glacialis*. Then came another glacier and an icy lake, followed by a second grassy slope; after which we first trod the snow. For a time progression was easy, but we soon arrived at a long ridge whose side was so nearly vertical, and its snow so hard, thanks to its northern aspect, that it was only by digging, with the iron points of our short alpen-stocks, little holes into which to insert our toes, that we succeeded in reaching the top—indeed Y failed in his endeavours, slipped when half-way up, and slid on his belly to the bottom, whence the guides had to haul him up by a circuitous route. After

this we strung ourselves together with a rope, to avoid the recurrence of such a *contre-temps*, and then jogged on, slowly yet merrily, till we stood at the foot of Loddals-Kaupen, the highest peak of this Stor-fjeld; and before us was an apparently endless expanse of snow of unsullied purity, looking so bright, and withal so comfortable, in the warm and genial sunshine. The comfortableness was, however, transient; for when the peak had been rounded, we began to descend a gradual slope of snow, leading apparently into a deep basin, bounded on either side by blocks and spurs of ice, and bare rocks above these. Far below in front, on our right, was an opening between the ridges, which our guides told us was the beginning of Justedal. Our progress soon became very slow, owing to the number of crevasses and breaks in the snow: our guide was a man of great caution, and tried them all with a carefulness and perseverance that did him infinite credit, but which made our feet infinitely cold. At length came a crevasse which puzzled him—time after time, in place after place, he tried the edges but with poor success—nowhere could he find a footing firm enough: he finally declared that he could not get *over* it, and as it extended across the whole breadth of the valley, getting *round* it was out of the question: the conclusion seemed inevitable—we must return by the way by which we had come. This was not to be borne. X untied the end of the rope from around his breast, fastened it round his own, then leapt,

and found a secure footing on the further edge of the chasm. In five minutes all were across; and, under the like leadership, all the breaks were safely passed. We went down by the side of an enormous glacier, and indeed walked over the lower part of it, which formed a long, and almost level, field of ice: on a huge boulder in the middle of this we sat and fed. The walk over the ice was easy enough; and the blue colour seen in the deep cracks down which streams of water were flowing, though not comparable with the divine hue of the Rosenlaui, was, nevertheless, exquisitely beautiful. Embedded in ice—a prey to the cold—we found the remains of some young rodents, probably one of the species of Lemming. But our stock of glaciers was not yet exhausted: another descended on our right, and formed a junction with the one down which we walked; while further on, still another ice-stream on our left, by the combined action of which with the great Loddal glacier an attempt had been made at a central *moraine*; at the end of all were rough loose boulders, brought down by the glacial action, and extending over a space of a couple of miles. The numerous streamlets here collected into a stream, which led us into Justedal: we followed its tortuous path down the narrow defile, and passed another fine glacier which descended almost to the river's edge, while a smaller one was soon after visible, much higher up, and terminating sharply at the edge of the precipitous cliff. Lower down the valley was another,

and perhaps the finest of all, the Nygaard glacier, which pushes its zigzag way through the narrow outlets left by the contracting hills which hem it in, and then expands into a broad fan, below which is a wide waste of loose, rough stones ; terminating in a moraine which marks the former boundary of the ice, and whose distance from the now existing ice cannot be much less than half a mile. This was the last glacier we saw, but others there are in abundance, and Justedals-Bræ offers a wide field to the student of the glacier theory ; those on the north-west side have been rarely visited, and, so far as we are aware, never described by any scientific person. We regret that want of acquaintance with the subject prevented us from profiting by our visit to make some observations which might tend to corroborate or overthrow the existing ideas as to the nature of the ice action. Those on the south-east side have been more examined ; that of Lodal, down which we walked, extends to a length of some five miles, and has perhaps an average breadth of half a mile ; the Nygaard stream is broader at its lower end, but not so long ; and there are several more of co-ordinate importance, not from their size only, but also from the possession of peculiar features of interest.

The valley of Justeda runs generally south ; but its course is a tortuous one, consisting, in fact, of a series of elbows, which caused a charming variety in the scenery, and prevented our ever becoming tired by a

repetition of the same arrangement of hill, tree, and water. During the whole walk we had a succession of most glorious views. The forms of the separate rocks are grand indeed: here a splintered cliff extends down half a mountain's side; there a wild confusion of boulders, mingled with huge fragments of the hills, the freshness of whose fractures would seem to show their recent fall. Pines and birches held a precarious tenure of the ledges and crannies along the sides of the bare and rugged mountains; here and there the cliffs were intersected by transverse valleys, and now and then the waters of a cascade would leap over them, foaming, into the river below. At times the vale contracted into a narrow defile, scarce wider than the torrent; at others it spread out to greater width, where the stream was confined between green and fertile slopes, of which man had not failed to take possession, and which repaid his care with bounteous crops of potatoes, barley, oats, and rye. The effects of light and shade were exquisite and diversified; one side of the valley being wrapped in its own deep gloom, while the other was lighted up by all the brilliancy of an unclouded sun.

The proposition, usually esteemed a general one, that "a good road leads somewhence, somewhither," is one that does not hold in Norway; and never had we a more striking proof of the fallaciousness of the theory than in this vale of Justedal. After creeping for miles along a rocky path fit only for goats, we suddenly, and without

the slightest warning, came upon a capital road, along which a coach-and-four of the good old style might have bowled merrily; not a house, not a farm was near, not a soul was seen to traverse it: after lasting, perhaps, a couple of miles, it ceased as suddenly as it began, and left us to seek again the guidance of the goat-track from which we had taken so much-wished-for an adieu. Verily this was the road that led to Nowhere.

Soon after mid-day we reached the top of a little hill, and caught sight of the church and parsonage of Justedal: at the identical moment there appeared on the opposite hill three other travellers; the rival trios met at the door of the Præstegaard. We had all heard of the hospitality of the priest, and it must be confessed that our party at least had been long looking forward to a comfortable meal at his friendly board. Imagine our horror on learning that he had gone to do duty in some neighbouring parish, and would not return before the morrow; he had taken with him not only the key of his house, but the key of the church also, which some affected to think of more importance. Our newly-made acquaintances consoled us with the news that there was a glorious inn not more than twenty miles down the valley; but we wished for an earlier supply, and tried at all the cottages we passed to obtain something to eat. Our efforts were long unavailing, for all the people were away, and (so different from the inhabitants of the

north) had securely locked up their castles. At length we saw the last of the pine-clad knolls and the glades of birch, and then the hostelry of Rönneid appeared before our delighted eyes ; its comforts surpassed our wildest expectations, and we had the additional charm of meeting again one of our co-voyageurs on board the "Constitution."

CHAPTER XII.

THE SOGNE-FJORD.

“Det är Frithiof's land, som ur böljan träder,
Han ser dess skogar i gröna kläder,
Han hör dess forsar med skummigt larm,
Och klippan blottar sin marmorbarm.
Han helsar näsen, han helsar sunden,
Och seglar tätt under gudalunden.”—FRITHIOF.

OF the peculiarities of Norwegian scenery, the *fjords* form, perhaps, the most striking feature ; those long arms of the sea that indent the western coast, and spread out their feelers in every direction, so that, turn where you will, the blue waters of the fjord are sure to meet the eye. The west coast of Scotland may be instanced as bearing some resemblance to the west coast of Norway ; but the latter is on a far grander scale—the Firth will not bear comparison with the Fjord. The distance to which they run inland, the precipitous nature of the cliffs, the number and varied forms of the rocky islets, the snow-topped distant hills, and the comparative luxury of vegetation in the valleys which interrupt the

continuity of the cliffs, and the perpetual presence of waterfalls, cause a diversity of scenery that cannot fail to charm.

The giant of the fjords is the Sogne, and the somewhat gloomy nature of its shores seems to fit them to be, as they are in fact, the land of the legend and the myth. At the extremity of an arm, near its upper end, stands Rønneid, and from this we set out to investigate the peculiarities of its scenery. We soon discovered that we were in a more populous neighbourhood than we had lately traversed; churches were more numerous, and there was positively something approaching to a village: this ceased to surprise when we noted the fertility of the ground, and the ready sea-communication with Bergen, the ancient capital. Of one of the ancient wood churches we had heard such a glowing description, that our architect was all anxiety to see it: we accordingly steered for Urnes. We found there a substantial farm-house, looking so bright and cheery in its coat of white paint, and surrounded by a large orchard of cherries, apples, and plums; while the sunny slope was covered with the mingled foliage of the ash, the osier, the elm, the birch, the hazel, and the wild rose. From this comfortable abode there emerged on our arrival a young man, who spoke English very nicely, procured us the key of the church, and accompanied us during our visit. That marvellous edifice stood on the top of a headland, some three or four hundred feet above the

sea. The exterior disappointed us rather, as we approached its south side: the walls are of rough planks, brown with age, and thickly encrusted with many coats of pitch. The plan is a nave, with an aisle round all its four sides, and a vestibule at the western end, which, with a small bell turret, has rather a modern appearance. The chancel has been so modernised, that it is difficult to make out what its actual plan was. The roofs are of red tile, and form a pleasing contrast to the sombre reddish brown of the walls.

If we had been slightly disposed to look disparagingly upon the church at first sight, all such notions vanished when we got round to the north side; for there our eyes were gladdened by beholding an ancient door, enriched with marvellous sculptures. Not only over the door itself, but along the wall above and on either side of it for some distance, there were wrought quaint monsters, contorting themselves into strange shapes among wreaths and arabesques. On the walls they are in high relief; but not so on the door: there they do not project above a quarter of an inch beyond the woodwork. From sundry planks along this wall, which are adorned with carving, we conjectured that once this rich work had extended over the whole exterior of the church. At each angle of the nave is a pillar of uniform thickness, formed of the single trunk of a pine, reaching to the roof.

You pass through a western door, somewhat similar

to that on the north side of the church, and find yourself in a most strange and beautiful church. Small as it is, being about twenty-four feet long, by fourteen and a half wide, with an aisle of something under four feet in breadth, the lightness and elegance of it charm at once, and a closer examination discovers many indications of a richness of decoration which one would hardly have expected to find.

On each side of the nave is an arcade of five semi-circular arches, on which what we may call the clerestory, though it is not pierced with windows, is supported; the columns are cylindrical, with square wooden capitals carved with patterns and monsters, after the manner of Romanesque work. Above these arches is a plain boarding for about four feet, the monotony of which is broken by pilasters, carved with a pattern, which help to support the roof. This latter is similar to what we term a wagon roof in England; but it has a modern look about it, and so has the gallery. There are some curious remains of iron work, in the shape of hinges and lamps, in various parts of the church; and behind the pulpit some sculptured figures, of life size, bearing traces of having been once gilt and coloured.

Our antiquary asseverated strongly that they were images of the saints, but not so our guide; he would have it that of the two males, one was Hagbart, son of a king in Aardal, and the lady was Signe, daughter of a king in Urnes, whose loves are alluded to in Frithiof:—

“Och skalden tog sin harpa, han satt vid kungens bord,
Och sjöng ett hjertligt qvåde, om kärleken i Nord,
Om Hagbart och skön Signe, och, vid hans djupa röst,
De hårda hjertan smälte i stålbeklädda bröst.”

On the altar, which seemed original, were a pair of candlesticks of exquisite workmanship, of brass, inlaid with blue enamel, and up their feet clomb twisted serpents with jewelled eyes.

The date of the church must be about the beginning of the twelfth century; all about it is Romanesque work of the best and purest style. Probably the iron work came from Germany; and the whole building is so wondrously superior to its more famous brethren at Borgund and Hitterdal, giving evidence of skill so far excelling that displayed in their construction, that perhaps we may be right in conjecturing it to be the work of some great architect, who, with true genius, adapted to the material of the country in which he had to work, the designs that elsewhere he had been wont to execute in stone or marble.

Doubtless the rich of other days loved to decorate this church; for the banks of this fjord were early colonized and cultivated. And very fair is the spot which the builders chose; one sees, as one stands at the porch, the blue lake beneath, and over its waters, rippling in light and shadow, many a quiet homestead in the green valley on the opposite bank, and beyond the corn-fields the forest, and then the cold sterile snow-field of Justedal—

"That whitens with eternal sleet,
While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at its feet."

On leaving the church, we were taken to see the *Bauta-steen*, a large block of stone upwards of ten feet high, erected to commemorate some well-contested fight of bygone days. After this we were invited into the house. Shakspeare says, "What's in a name?" Our entertainer gloried in that of Jens Bugge, and a right hospitable man was Bugge. He insisted on our disposing of a bottle of sherry, then took us round the orchard, where we ate our fill of the cherries; then coffee was served in the garden on a table whose pedestal we soon found out had been the font, whose absence from the church we had remarked; and finally, when we bade adieu to this little paradise, the good man loaded us with boughs of cherry-tree, with whose fruit to play and beguile the time as we were pulled to the head of the Lyster-fjord.

We passed a pretty place called Kroken, where resided three brothers, military men. The principal pay of the officers consists in their being allowed the use of good houses and farms in the districts to which they are appointed: here it was that we saw the first fruits of the harvest, a field of barley being (August 7) in the sheaf. Further on, in an amphitheatre of rock, is the Feigum-foss, whose waters fall in sprayey festoons through a height of several hundred feet,—a favourable example of its class

of waterfall, that class whose merit is its height, and the light feathery appearance of its scanty stream. On the north side of the fjord was Dale, or Lyster, with its church of stone. It consisted simply of nave and chancel, but would probably have repaid examination, as the material of which it was constructed gave evidence of its antiquity. More use is made of stone in the Sogne district than in those previously visited; parts of some of the cottages are built of it, and occasionally the little crops of corn or potatoes are fenced off with a rude dry wall of stone.

Let honesty not go unrecorded. Our hotel bill at Skjolden amounted to eleven shillings sterling. When we had left the house, the little ministrix ran after us, apologised for her mistake, and returned us two marks.

We walked to Forthun, whence we wished to take a guide over the fjeld, through the Hurung mountains, and so come down to Aardal; but, with the exception of three men and a boy, all the inhabitants were away, and those who remained had never heard of any of the hamlets or valleys to which we desired to be conducted: the other side of the fjeld was a *terra incognita* to them; all that we could derive from them was that they knew the way to certain sæters which were occupied during the summer by people from Aardal. It was decided to go to these sæters, and trust to what information we could there procure, or to our own bumps of locality, for further guidance. After a steep ascent of some 3,000 feet,

two hours of steady grind, the country became more level, and we soon reached the Bergdal sæters, the Bergdalstinder, two of the Hurung peaks, towering above us on our left. Here we had a bowl of capital rich milk, with bread and cheese; the latter was so good that we put what remained in our knapsacks: for this entertainment, a mark, something less than a shilling, amongst us, did not seem very excessive, but the good ladies assured us it was too much, and seemed to think that to accept so much was a very near approximation to a fraud. After passing the Bergdal peaks, the Ringstinder came next in sight; but it must be confessed that we did not obtain the anticipated glorious views of the Hurunger. The Moraa sæters were in due course reached, and we parted from our guide. It appeared that these mountain-cots were occupied only for two, or at the outside three, months in the year, during July and August. The men go out all day with the cattle, which wander over the fjeld, while the women stop at home to make butter and cheese; the milk seemed always to be kept till it was sour before it was operated on. The wooden bowls and churns were very marvels of cleanliness, though the appearance of the people was often, to say the least, untidy. The information we could glean from the ladies as to the direction we ought to follow was vague enough; we therefore took the course of a streamlet, which led us for several hours down a grossly uninteresting valley, ter-

minating in a precipitous cliff, at the bottom of which was a little village, where we were housed by a hump-backed butcher who had just killed five goats. Again our culinary skill was called into requisition, for the stuttering *bossu* and his spouse had small notions of cookery; their habit was to salt their goat, then, having kept it a few months until it was hard and dry, and covered with a nice yellow mould, to gnaw away at the uncooked joint. We roasted flesh then, and ate thereof, and then retired to rest—no, not to rest; we mean that we should have rested if it had not been for the myriads of live-stock that shared with us the shelter of the honest butcher's roof.

Some distance up Ulledal—itsself one of Norway's wildest valleys—is Mørkekoldedal. The murky, cold dale could not fail to have many an awe-inspiring legend attached to it—none more terrible than that which tells how he, who in winter's depths dares to penetrate that dale, will find in every cot a frozen corpse; and that at times these remnants of humanity, tenanted again by their restless spirits, wander up and down the vale, seize the first horse they meet, then gallop wildly round the Hurung peaks. Nor is the story groundless; for so inaccessible is the head of Ulledal, that those who die in winter are either preserved in a frozen state until the return of summer renders it possible to carry them to the grave, or they are tied astride the back of a horse which, turned adrift, deposits them in the sacred ground

of Fortun. Our plan had been to proceed from Fortun, by the "Dead Man's ride," to Vormelid or Vetti, situated near the top of Ulledal; but unfortunately we found ourselves at the very bottom of that valley. Nothing daunted, we determined to repair our error, and accordingly set out to walk up Ulledal; but of all the paths we ever had to deal with, this was the worst,—stony and uneven, it deserved not the name of a path; it was all a hop, a skip, and a jump from one jagged rock to the next projecting point, now close to the river's bank, then hundreds of feet above it, with glorious precipices of bare and rugged rock, or shelving slopes of loosened stone. It is said to be one of the most inaccessible of the inhabited valleys of Norway, and certainly surpassed in wildness any of those it was our fortune to visit; and yet in parts the softer beauties of nature would appear, the green meadow and the shady grove. No single scene charmed us more than when, at a bend in the valley, we found ourselves unexpectedly at the foot of a picturesque little waterfall, whose oft-divided streams poured down in a series of broken falls, tipping all the rocks with foam, and dashing up a cloud of spray which, wafted by the wind, gave additional fertility to the soil, clothed the grass in its greenest hue, and brought out the brightest colours of the o'er-arching canopy of alder and of birch. Not far from this was Vetti, the most out-of-the-world spot conceivable. Here Y and Z waited, while X set forth alone to visit Mörke-

koldedal. He had pictured to himself a deep and narrow ravine, closed in on both sides by high and precipitous cliffs, covered with the black foliage of ancestral pines,—a place into which the rays of the sun never penetrate, ever brooded over by chilly mists and dank vapours: such was his conception of the Dark Cold Dale. But instead of this, he had to climb up one of the steepest of paths, to the very top of the high ridge which forms the boundary of Ulledal, and then he found himself at the commencement of a gently sloping valley, covered indeed with a fine forest of pines, yet not darkened thereby, nor was it cold, for the sun shone warmly there. The dale was closed by a pair of noble peaks, the Koldedalstinder, partially snow-covered, on whose heads there rested a light cap of clouds. In the opposite direction there were visible several of the Hurungtinder; one of them was the Ringstind, by the side of which was the valley down which we ought to have come the day before; but X was obliged to confess that the view was not what he had anticipated. He could not even feel sure that he had caught sight of Skagstolstind, the highest mountain in Norway. Perhaps had he gone farther he might have fared better; but time was precious: he contented himself, therefore, with the sight of what he has attempted to describe, and then measured a few of the largest of the pines,—magnificent fellows they were; at the height of a yard from the ground, many measured six or seven feet round, while two reached

nine feet seven inches, and nine feet eight inches. The descent to Vetti did not occupy long, and then we all retraced our steps down Ulledal, and regained the abode of our friend the butcher: most anxious was he that we should spend another night under his roof, but after our previous experience we thought it better to take boat at once to Aardalstangen.

Thence we went down the Aardals-fjord, and up that of Leirdal, both of them arms of the great Sogne-fjord; their shores were for the most part rocky and barren, not to be compared in fertility with those of the Lyster-fjord. At Leirdalsören, we found quite a country town, and the inn presented an imposing appearance. Hence we made an excursion to the church of Borgund, walking up the wild valley of the Leir. In this district the women wear a very becoming head-dress of white linen, with large ears or flaps at the sides. The *snood* of the maidens is a circlet of scarlet braid. The men wear a blue cap, often striped with white, instead of the bright red which has hitherto prevailed. On our way we met with a couple of Englishmen who were staying in the neighbourhood for fishing purposes; after a few minutes' conversation, we continued our route. It was a glorious autumn Sunday evening, which brought out in all their perfection the wild beauties of that picturesque valley: the high and varied cliffs, the roaring torrent, along whose course lay huge blocks of stone of every size and form, and the ups and downs of the

cleverly managed road, rendered the walk completely enjoyable.

A very steep ascent, now accomplished by the help of zig-zags, brought us to the upland valley in which Borgund lies. Beneath us, as we descended, in a quiet meadow by the river-side, we espied the church, with which we were already familiar by drawings: a queer dark-coloured structure, a confusion of roofs and pinnacles and quaint monsters, one above the other; gable piled upon gable like a house of cards, till the whole ended in a long pinnacle and a vane.

Anything more quaint, and at the same time more destitute of all beauty, cannot well be conceived: its oddity is its only claim to notice. It has been described as possessing all the characteristics of a German Romanesque church, executed in wood: but this is an incorrect account. Such a description would well suit Urnes: but Borgund is wholly wanting in regularity and architectural elegance. Round the whole outside runs a low cloister, with three porches, to which originally there were three doors corresponding, for admittance into the church; but all save the western one of these are now blocked up. The interior presents a plan precisely the counterpart of that at Urnes, except that here the choir is semicircular. But, alas! we sought vainly for the delicate carving, the slender columns supporting lovely arches, which we had so admired there. The pillars are great trunks of trees, wholly innocent of anything

like a base or capital, running right up to the roof: what arches there are are merely pieces of wood nailed across, from pillar to pillar, with little more art than is displayed in the construction of an harbour. The doorways alone present some good carving; and it is from the workmanship therein displayed, and from the general style of quaint ornamentation adopted for the exterior, that the antiquity of the church can be proved. An exactly similar style is observable upon the reliquaries and chairs, and bronze work, preserved in the museums of Bergen and Copenhagen. Were it not for the corroboration which these remains afford to the legends of the peasants, that the church is eight hundred years old, one would be disposed to regard it as an extravagance of the seventeenth century, rather than an offspring of an age which always built in a strong and massive style, however much in its ornamentation it affected the grotesque.

Having spent several hours in examining and sketching the pagoda-like building, we returned to Leirdalsören.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PASS OF GUDVANGEN.

"A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dripping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below."—TENNYSON.

FROM Leirdalsören we were favoured with a splendid breeze. There is little peculiar in the Norwegian boats, except the rudder and the rowlocks: the former is managed by means of a short handle stuck through, transversely to the boat, to which is fastened, by a loose pin, a pole so long that he who pulls may steer: the rowlocks consist of a single strong peg, to which the oar is attached by rope, or twisted twig of birch. During the first few hours the views presented nothing remarkable; but on entering the Aurlands-fjord, they rapidly increased in grandeur, and the upper end, distinguished by the name of the Nærö-fjord, surpassed all we saw of

the Sogne scenery: the cliffs, more varied than usual in their outline, rise thousands of feet perpendicularly, while the breadth of the fjord lessens as you proceed, and dwindles down to the magnitude of a river. Here and there the mighty masses of rock are split in twain, and narrow valleys intersect them, filled with foliage and verdure. The less precipitous of the cliffs also afford a resting-place for the birch, while some descend so sheer that not a vestige of anything can be seen upon the bare grey stone. Numerous cascades throw themselves into the fjord, one of which, the Keel-foss, is said to have a fall of a couple of thousand feet: that the water descends that distance, and even a greater, is indisputably true, but it is not at one bound that it clears the height, but by a series of leaps. When we saw it, a strong breeze was blowing, and it looked extremely pretty as the wind wafted about its scanty waters, and scattered them till they seemed to be but a vapoury cloud hanging in mid-air.

From Gudvangen our route lay up the celebrated defile of Nærødal. A short way from the village we found a Danish artist busy at his easel: a slight shed protected his painting from the weather, and there, for five weeks, he had studied nature as a painter should. And a glorious spot it is for an artist! The lofty rocks that hem in that narrow gorge form a series of studies not oft to be surpassed. As usual, the road lay by the side of a stream; but on this occasion it was a stream of

crystal clearness—every fish, every pebble, distinctly visible in its bright green water. Its banks were thickly clothed with alder, while higher up the noble heights the universal birch prevailed. The heights themselves were of every form, pointed, and jagged, and steep; or rounded and more gently sloping: in parts they were rent into chasm-like valleys, but, in other places, more gradual and less convulsive action had severed from them huge blocks of fantastic form, which had rolled to the bottom, and through which the road now delicately picked its way. Different from all the rest rose on our right a gigantic sugar-loaf of bare grey rock: soon after which the valley is closed in by what would seem at first to be an insuperable obstacle for carriages, but, thanks to engineering skill, a capital system of zig-zags has been constructed. The view from this point, looking down the defile, is striking in the extreme, and on either side is a waterfall of no mean pretensions: unfortunately we did not see it to the best advantage, for a drizzling rain came on, which made us glad to take refuge in the poor little station-house of Staleim.

One of the prettiest of waterfalls is the Tvinden-foss: the stream, divided at the top by a projecting mass of rock, forms at first a couple of distinct falls, each of which is again split up into many smaller ones; then near the bottom the whole re-unite, and the water goes gushing and foaming from ledge to ledge, and from shelf

to shelf, until it loses itself in the depths of a swifter and less playful current. Beyond this the hills gradually decrease in height, the valley opens out, and the scenery passes from the grand to the pretty: it is the quiet lake-scenery of home. And thus we came to Vossevangen.

CHAPTER XIV.

BERGEN.

“Siken, Olrick, en de Lyderhoorn
Sind van Bergen de drie hoyste Toorn.”

ON leaving Vossevangen, we passed through some pleasing country: the scenery lost all character of wildness. Everything was quiet, smiling, and pretty: pretty villages, pretty copses, pretty lakes, and pretty sunny banks, covered with fast-ripening crops. Agriculture, however, is at a low ebb; the very sight of their ploughs sent one off into a fit of Georgics, and all their implements were of the rudest description: conservatives of the old school, the peasant-farmers object to change because it *is* change, and thus no improvement has for ages been made in the cultivation of Norway.

In the valley between Dalseidet and Dale the country reassumed some of its wilder and bolder aspects: but generally the hills were low, and the scenery somewhat uninteresting, until we came to Bergen.

The entry into Bergen was extremely pretty: the road

undulated through copses of alder, ash, and birch, and avenues of lime-trees that shed their fragrance all around; and on either side were bright and comfortable villas dotted about on every hill-side and on every knoll. The town itself, too, is most picturesque: the houses stand tier above tier on the lower slope of a mountain that towers on high behind them, and at whose feet is the sea: the bay in which it is situated is divided by a projecting tongue of land, which, as well as the coast on both sides of it, is covered with neat-looking houses and warehouses, all painted white, and roofed with bright red tiles. Conspicuous among its buildings are the cathedral and four other churches, with their spires or towers, and an old fortress that commands the mouth of the harbour. The harbour itself is filled with shipping, for, though no longer the capital city, Bergen has a commerce which equals or exceeds that of its supplanter: many of the craft are *jægt's* from Finnmark and the Lofoddens, square-built vessels with one large square sail and a single mast, which bring to the market, twice in the year, an odoriferous cargo of dried fish. In fine, Bergen has a greater appearance of life and activity, combined with lightness and beauty, than is to be met with in any other town in Norway.

The fish market is one of the chief wonders of the place: and a curious sight it is to see the number of boats, the variety of fish, and the diversity of costume that exists among the frequenters of the mart. Fish-

wives too have a *spécialité* for talking, and their thousand tongues, each endeavouring to drive its own bargain, produce a very Babel. We were prevented from enjoying the scene by the pouring of the rain: for Bergen, by the bye, is the most rainy town in creation.

In the Museum a very miscellaneous assemblage of things has been heaped together: there is the nucleus of a good collection of stuffed birds and skeletons, well set up, and marine animals; a lot of minerals, not arranged; coins from the tenth century downward; insects very few and bad; a heap of pictures, most of them wretched; and, finally, a great mass of antiquities—Runic inscriptions, old arms and implements, old furniture, old everything, mixed up with trash of no great age: all the churches of the Sogne-fjord seem to have been ransacked, and altar-pieces, fonts, relic-boxes, and wood carvings, are in abundance.

In the days of the Hanseatic League, the most intimate relations must have existed between Bergen and the principal commercial towns of Germany: though these have now become less intimate, the connexion is still kept up, and one of the five churches in the old capital of Norway is still set apart as "the German church," and service is performed in the German tongue. It is an interesting building, and has an exquisitely beautiful and elaborate round-arch gateway. The only other church that deserves notice is the cathedral, with its massive square tower and its early Pointed work. But

the wonder of these churches is the font: it is the same in both, and consists of a full-sized angel, with a most housemaidly expression of countenance, clad in a gilt tunic, and suspended from the ceiling: when occasion requires, she is lowered to a suitable position to the sound of slow music, and then a basin is inserted into a wreath or garland held out by the angelic hand! It was of this see of Bergen that Eric Pontoppidan was Bishop: "old Pontoppidan"—the Scandinavian father of natural history—whose writings, disregarded or disbelieved for a century and a half, are only now beginning to receive the attention and the credence they deserve.

The greater part of the town is still built of wood; but, in consequence of the number of destructive fires that have occurred, the newer erections are of brick. A considerable number of houses in the heart of the town was consumed by fire last year: they were being rebuilt, and the manner in which this was done amused us: first the interior wood-work was erected, and then the house was supposed to be habitable; then a coating of birch bark was put over the wood, and finally a facing of brick over the birch bark.

There is a little theatre, which of course we patronised: it was a plain but neat house, consisting only of pit and one tier of boxes. We saw a couple of vaudevilles performed by native actors and actresses, and in one of the pieces the peculiarities of a wealthy John Bull, travelling in Norway, were taken off with considerable ability.

We had one fine day before we left: it was a Sunday, and we devoted it to the environs. Delightful were the walks we took: the clean white wooden houses, with their muslin curtains, and their windows full of flowers; the fragrant avenues of limes which shaded our path; the gaily-dressed holiday folk mingled with peasants in their full costume; all, animate and inanimate, seemed to revel in the brightness of the day: and the blue waters of the fjord, rippling and cresting beneath a north-west breeze, did their best, and that no little, to add to the beauty of the scene.

We were charmed with Bergen, its bustle and activity, and its picturesque appearance. We left it with regret.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HARDANGER-FJORD.

“There mildly dimpling, Ocean’s cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the western wave :
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome in each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !”—BYRON.

SOME pretty rustic scenes were passed as we walked from Bergen to the Hardanger : blue hills, blue waters, in the distance ; and close at hand, birch copses interspersed with oak, neat hamlets, and sunny meadows, in which the gaily-costumed peasants were making hay, the men in their scarlet caps, the women in their picturesque bodices of red or green, their crimson ribands or their snow-white caps : the scent of the new hay was mingled with the sweet odour of the woodbine, and the whole appeared so full of peace and contentment that one could scarce believe it real : it seemed rather an ideal representation of agricultural life.

It was at a little spot called Mundeim that we first came to the Hardanger-fjord: we at once took a boat, and had a six hours' pull. The cliffs were for the most part covered to their summits with trees, but in places they rose abrupt and bare and multiform: more than one island reclined in the heaving bosom of the deep. At times, over the depressions of the nearer hills, peeped out parts of the great snow-field of the Folgefond. The beauteous blue of the water, and the paler blue of the distant mountains, changing at sunset to a rich ruddy purple, were exquisite and delightful to the eye. It was nearly dark when we reached Vigör.

Now of all the places we ever saw, none pleased so much as dear Vigör. There being no inn, we sought the hospitality of the clergyman, which, as usual, was at once accorded, but with even more than the usual cordiality. The lady of the house received us in person at the door, and surrendered at discretion to a volley of Norsk which X discharged in his blindest tones, with a bow worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. Soon her lord and master, the Rev. Jens Jæger, joined us, and we conversed till supper was set on table. His ready courtesy made communication comparatively easy; for, in pity to our own weakness in his language, he took pains to speak slowly and in simple sentences. He was a man of lively manner, well-informed, ardently patriotic, and enthusiastic in praise of the Norwegian constitution: his wife was an affable woman, the picture of

contentment and good-nature—the pair were kindness itself. In the sitting-room were portraits of several of the family from the pencil of Tiderman; it turned out that the priest was Tiderman's brother-in-law, the painter having married the parson's sister.

We discussed chiefly the relative position of the clergy in England and Norway; and really, without undue partiality, he might well maintain that his countrymen were better off in this respect than ours. In Norway, a curate has from one hundred to two hundred dollars per annum, while his rector finds him in board and lodging: and a dollar in Norway, he stoutly maintained, would go nearly as far as a sovereign in England. A living is worth from one thousand to two thousand dollars, with parsonage and glebe; and the rector may be a member of the Storting. He spoke with much bitterness of the English system of non-residence—an evil which we did our best to assure him no longer existed; but it was a hard matter to disabuse him.

After supper, "mine host" led the way to our bed-chambers, which were in a detached wing of the building. A glorious, never-to-be-forgotten sight was the lake and its shores, beneath the steady light of a full moon. In front was the park-like slope of grass studded with trees, every dewy spray glittering in the silver radiance. Beyond was the wide expanse of the fjord, with a single island to break its waters. To our right the shore lay in the deepest shadow; nothing could be distinguished

but the outline of the hills cut out sharply against the sky: while on the opposite side all was steeped in a flood of light, which shone right up the inlet on which Vigör is situated, and brought out every object with unwonted clearness.

A most compact and pleasant abode is Vigör's præstegaard. A single huge block of stone forms a natural pavement to the court-yard. Round three sides of this are the apartments for the family and their dependants, one story high. At each end of the portion used by the clergyman is a wing, projecting a few feet; the space between being occupied by an open gallery, in which the ladies sat and worked. Along this we walked to reach the apartments appropriated to visitors, which, with the utter unselfishness of Norsk hospitality, seemed to be furnished in a style far exceeding that of the rest of the house. The fourth side of the square was open, save that in the middle of it stood the detached store-house common to all Norwegian dwellings in one form or another. Sometimes it is guest-chamber and store-house all in one; sometimes it is a mere hovel; but without it a Norsk *ménage* is evidently not thought complete. Behind the house is a small garden, the excellence of whose fruit we had ample opportunity of proving.

Beautiful as the view had been by moonlight, it was, if possible, lovelier at morning, when the mists were curled about the hills, or rose, like steam from the

fjord. After breakfast we started to see the Östud Foss. The walk from Vigör is a charming one, by a path along the hill side, some distance above the lake, that wound in and out along the promontories, so as to give ever-changing views of the dark water beneath us and the mountains beyond, set, as it were, in a frame-work of birch and pine. Thus viewed from the shore, from a position of some little elevation, the fjord is seen to the best advantage, and we thought that the Hardanger surpassed even the Sogne in the beauty of its scenery. The Foss would be thought a noble one, were it elsewhere than in Norway: in form it is extremely fine; there are in fact two falls—the upper one shoots from a projecting shelf of rock upon some crags below, whence the water tumbles anew down a series of terraces to the level of the valley. We climbed up, and stood under the upper fall, and pretty enough was the effect of the sunlight glancing through: but the body of water was too small to produce any very grand result. In the spring, when the snow begins to melt, and the streams pour down with four-fold force, it may well deserve the praise that has been lavished upon it.

When we returned to the parsonage, we found that our kind hosts would not let us leave without first partaking of dinner with them. Then came “the glass at parting,” of the good lady’s own champagne: and then, with many requests, on the clergyman’s part that we would revisit him and Norway, and on ours that he

would come to England, we stepped into our boat, and reclining luxuriously on new hay, sped merrily before a strong breeze towards Eid-fjord. And as Vigör grew less and less in the distance, we talked together of the kindness we had there received—Happy home of good and guileless hearts ! We seemed as though we had stepped out of the charmed circle of an Eden, and were again in the world which we had forsaken for a season. No sage's dream ever imagined aught so simple or so pure as the society of these Western fjords. A perfect uniformity of faith—faith, too, not dead, but active to all good works ; the villagers looking up to their clergyman as one to share alike their sorrows and their joys, to be present in the house of mourning and the house of feasting too ; while he, well-educated and polished, has yet the happy art of suiting himself, with inborn courtesy, to their homely manners, and entering into all that concerns them with no feigned interest. This is a picture whose realization might well be deemed visionary. Yet here, though men may say that faith is dead, or degenerated into a formalism worse than death, on the grassy slopes beneath the eternal hills, in sweet seclusion under their birch copses, are yet dwelling those who act, because in their eyes so to act is right : and may those who have gazed upon that bright picture have some of its vivid hues reflected on their hearts !

CHAPTER XV .

THE HARDANGER FJELD.

"For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given :
—— thou that midst thy mountains rude
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky
A mourner, circled with festivity."—HEMANS.

"JEG undertegnede forbinder mig til at bringe 3 Engels Mænd herfra til Mogen, eller Mjös vandet, först Vandskyds til Mögleetun og til Vörning foss, med to Hester og en Veiviser, derfra til Bjoto, og derfra til Besseboe, og derfra til Mogen. Hvorfor er mig betalt 16 Spd. Tilstaaes af mig

Viig den 20^{de} August 1856, Magnus Johnsen."

Such was the contract by which Magnus, the son of John, bound himself to supply horses and a guide to convey us from Eidfjord over the Hardanger fjeld to the Mjös Lake—a three days' journey. After a short walk we reached a lake, bounded on both sides by abrupt precipices : along this we rowed, and at the end of it found our horses awaiting us. On one of these was a pack-saddle, across which were slung two sacks, in which were stowed away our knapsacks and provi

sions : the stock of provisions consisted only of bread, butter, and cheese, and a bottle of the corn-brandy. Besides these, we took with us a pair of blankets, a box of matches, and some candles, a hammer, nails, pincers, and four horse-shoes : the shoes were thought of such especial value that our guide, good man, carefully wrapped them up inside a pair of his own best stockings. When these articles were safely deposited in the all-enclosing sacks, the blankets and rugs were piled into a heap on the top of them, and X was with some difficulty lifted to his elevated perch. Y mounted the other quadruped ; and then the journey commenced. Z and the guide preferred to go on foot : but, notwithstanding, we had four animals with us, for each of ours was a mare, and having in the spring become a mamma, was now attended by an affectionate foal.

The path to the Vörring-foss was both stony and hilly, and X, perched up on high, could compare his motion only to riding a restive camel up and down consecutive flights of stairs. In a couple of hours we came to the end of the valley, lost sight for a moment of the river, and could see no possible exit but by climbing up the steep barrier that bounded our view. At length a narrow gorge was espied, out of which the stream emerged, and we concluded that the ascent was escaped ; but no, up went the path, and so up went we, till we reached the level of the fjeld. Thence it was not far to the fall ; yet might it easily be missed, for the

fact is that it was then *below* us, and was not visible at all until we stood on its very brink ; the channel, too, is so confined, that the sound does not spread, and thus no trace of its whereabouts is given. Were we again to visit it, we should endeavour, instead of climbing up to the fjeld, to track our way up the gorge until we reached the foot of the fall, and could thus see it from below, instead of from above, whence it is difficult to obtain a good view. Yet, despite this difficulty, it was a glorious sight, to see the huge body of water descending with unbroken sweep through nine hundred feet,—a mighty mass of swelling foam, whose separate jets fell like a comet or a falling star, engulfed and extinguished in the dark cavity beneath, whence the whole volume escaped down a defile so narrow that it seemed but a crack or crevice in the vast rock. The sun shone brightly as we gazed upon the bounding waters, and created a brilliant rainbow in the cloud of spray that rose from the boiling cauldron.

And now commenced really the passage of the Hardanger fjeld. We were still, however, in an inhabited region ; for we passed several *sæters*, and when daylight was expiring, arrived at one called Fljoldal. The cows were being milked ; and when each had been dismissed with a taste of salt, the o'erflowing bowls were brought into the hut, and we made a royal supper. It is curious to look back upon a night like that, to recal to mind how we sat in that little *sæter*, illumined

by the blaze, but at the same time darkened by the smoke of a large wood-fire ; how we were surrounded by bowls of milk, and cheeses by the score ; how our very seats were milking pails, and our companions milking-maids ; and lively companions they were, and thoroughly enjoyed the scene : they laughed and talked incessantly ; but we found their *patois* somewhat difficult to understand. At length the young ladies retired to another cabin, the matron and children remaining to occupy the bed : we spread our blankets on the ground, and were soon fast asleep.

Next morning we started early, and by 9 o'clock reached Bjoto, another *sæter*, where was a comely dame who took great pains to initiate us into all the mysteries of making butter and cheese : after this, we lay down for a nap, while the horses fed. When we started again, what a journey was before us ! For six hours we traversed a vast and wild expanse of hideous barrenness. If there be upon earth a spot disregarded by its Creator, where conscience-stricken spirits roam, seeking in their unrest to escape themselves, surely on the Hardanger fjeld must be that spot ! Oh, the monotony of that dreary ride ! a monotony that crept into one's very vitals, stopped the flow of conversation, and thus increased seven-fold its own dismal horrors. It was not that calm and peaceful solitude in which man delights to commune with himself, and which calls forth oft-times the highest aspirations of his soul. It was a

solitude where everything bore the blank aspect of desolation: even the humpy hills that rose above the plateau looked like the deformed excrescences of a neglected body, and possessed no beauty of form: the scattered rocks and withered herbage told only of ruin and despair. It was an almost colourless waste, relieved only by the presence of here and there a lake. Happily the sun shone warmly; while the bright petals of a few autumn flowers showed that the Hardanger fjeld had received its share, small though that share might be, of Nature's bounty. In the evening we met a solitary huntsman, in quest of reindeer: and shortly after we reached the little hut dignified with the name of Bessebö. A few sticks formed the sole contents of the cabin. A fire was lighted; and we were on the point of making a meal off the provisions we had brought, when an apparition in human form presented itself to our astonished eyes. He had been attracted by the smoke of our fire, and had come to offer us four fine salmon-trout which he had just caught in the adjoining Normands-Vand. A bargain was soon concluded; and our guide was despatched to the fisherman's temporary hut for a pot in which to boil our purchase. In a couple of hours he returned: meanwhile a pair of the fish had been cleaned and sliced; the water soon boiled: pieces of slate, covered with flad-bröd, were prepared as plates: and then all was ready for the feast. Never were salmon-trout better cooked, or more enjoyed:—

Heus ! etiam mensas consumimus. When we went out to slake our thirst at the neighbouring stream, the moon had just risen over the lake. And strange it was to gaze around, to feel the loneliness of the place, and find ourselves thus isolated from the rest of the species. A heap of moss was collected, and strewn in one corner of the hut : upon this we spread our rugs and blankets, and slept the sound sleep of weary mountaineers.

We rose at 4 o'clock : re-lighted our fire, cooked the remaining pair of fish, breakfasted thereon, and then left Bessebö. For more than fifteen hours we journeyed on over an apparently interminable wilderness of endless ridges and undulations, varied only by higher crags utterly devoid of dignity or grandeur, but covered here and there with patches of dirty snow. It was a repetition, and an intensification, of the dulness of the day preceding. Occasionally we stopped, where a green spot occurred, to feed the animals. Once, and once only, we saw a human form ; in the latter part of the day a lot of cattle were espied upon the mountains, and this allured us into the hope of finding a *sæter* : but no ! there was nothing but a wretched hovel, in which was a solitary cynic : and he—the brute—vowed he had no milk. Hour after hour we toiled along, till, just at the decline of day, we came to Mogen, and returned to the luxuries of life. We had *smör-gröd* (butter-porridge) for supper, and a comfortable shake-down of hay upon the floor of the gaard.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RJUKAN-FOSS.

. . . χείμαῖροι ποταμὶ κατ' ὕρεσφι ῥέοντες
ἐς μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ
κρονῶν ἐκ μεγάλων, κοίλῃς ἔντοσθε χαράδρῃς·
τῶν δέ τε τηλόσε δοῦπον ἐν οὖρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.

ILIAD, IV. 452.

DOWN the whole length of the Mjös-Vand, some five-and-twenty miles, we were pulled in a flat-bottomed, square-ended boat : we had heard of the beauty of the scenery on its shores, but were disappointed in what we saw. The most remarkable feature was the height of the lake, upwards of 2,000 feet above the sea-level. A few hours' walking brought us to the Rjukan-foss, whose presence was first manifested by the light smoke-like cloud of spray that rises far above the surrounding rocks, and gives to this magnificent fall its name—the Reeking-fall. It is said to rival the Vörring-foss in height; but this we think can scarcely be true : the difference appeared considerable. In other respects, however, it is the finer of the two. The water comes tumbling

and rolling over rocky ledges until it reaches the spot whence, through a narrow gorge, it hurls itself into the depths below, a foaming mass, as white as snow and fleecy as wool ; like rockets, with their trains of silver rain, the separate sprays shoot gracefully, and re-unite into one bubbling, gushing stream, that hastens to escape from the deep, well-like chasm down which it has been precipitated. The scenery around is grand : the blackened rocks of giant stature, cleft into widely-yawning fissures, the tops of the hills surmounted by the sombre foliage of the pine and spruce, the treacherous path of the Mari Stien, with its tragic legend, all seem specially designed to be the adjuncts to so majestic a cascade.

We viewed the fall from every possible point : it is best seen from the middle of the Mari Stien, that dangerous path which leads the traveller along the brink of the fearful precipice that skirts the Rjukan. The story runs that the track was first discovered by Marie of Vestfjordalen, whom an angry father had endeavoured to separate from her adored Ejstein. Strong was the father's will, but stronger still the maiden's love ; and daily she traversed that perilous path to see him for whom alone she lived. At length Ejstein was banished ; but soon returning, loaded with honour, he met her father, and claimed her as his bride. The old man relented ; the maiden came forth to meet her lover : seeing her approach, he bounded across the path her devotion to him had discovered : in another moment

they had been clasped in each other's arms ; but ere that moment came, a false step, and all was over,—his corpse rolled down the steep, and was carried away by the raging flood. For years a pale and fragile form haunted that fatal spot ; her restless, glassy eye told that her reason had fled : but day by day, and night by night, she wandered there, until at length her constancy received its due reward, and she was re-united, in another and a better world, to him whom, in this, she had loved so well.

Leaving the Rjukan, and following the valley of the Maan, the scenery was at first highly picturesque. Close above Dal towered the wedge-shaped peak of the Goustafjeld, its summit covered with clouds. But below Dal the hills assumed a more uniform height and form, the views lost many of their charms, and possessed a great sameness in their general features.

At the end of the Tinn-Sjö the country became more wooded, and our route lay through forests of pine and spruce, remarkable rather for their height than their thickness, their branches weeping with dependent lichens. We emerged into a fertile valley, which utterly belied the character for poverty which Tellemarcken has obtained. Whatever the western end may be, the eastern part, through which we passed, is as rich and well-cultivated as any land we saw ; the farmers have better houses, and the peasants a more comfortable aspect.

To Hitterdal we went, to see the church. It presents all the pagoda-like heaping-up of gables so remarkable at Borgund, but seemed at first sight to exhibit greater regularity of design ; but, on coming closer, it turned out that the whole interior, and most of the exterior, had been lately restored : the beautiful external gallery had been blocked up, all that was antique had been removed and replaced, and any attempt that had been made to imitate the original plan had been eminently and signally unsuccessful. The building had been in the hands of some Danish architect ; and truly he had restored it with a vengeance ! As a church of any interest, Hitterdal has ceased to exist.

The little town of Kongsberg owes its importance to the silver mines which exist in its vicinity. We did not however, visit these ; and mention the place only for the sake of recording our deliberate conviction that at Kongsberg is the nicest inn in Norway.

Thence we walked to Drammen, through a country populous and fertile, better cultivated than usual, and producing good crops ; among which were noticed some of wheat. At Drammen—a large and thriving town at the mouth of a noble river—we may be said to have returned to civilized life : the instances of the progress of civilization that most strongly attracted our notice were the newly-erected gas-works, and the largeness of our hotel bill. Thence we travelled in a so-called “Diligence”—a roomy, lumbering, two-horse convey-

ance, capable of carrying six. The drive was pretty enough the whole way, through scenery so garden-like, at least to Norwegian eyes, that the principal hill has received the name of Paradise-hill. After an absence of just ten weeks we re-entered Christiania.

Henceforward X and Y pursued their journey alone ; for Z returned to England. In parting from him, let us express the hope that he looks back upon his Norway trip with the same delight as ourselves, and that he derived from our companionship as much pleasure as we derived from his.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HISTORICO-STATISTICAL

"In this life we want nothing but facts, Sir; nothing but facts."

MR. GRADGRIND.

THUS have we told of Norway, and endeavoured to describe, how weakly we are well aware, the beauties of its scenery; and those who have followed us thus far will have been able to deduce, from the every-day pictures and trifles introduced into our narrative, some notion of the primitive life of its people. But "what we want is facts;" so, to comply with the matter-of-fact spirit of the age, we proceed to give the briefest possible account of the "state of the nation."

We have never read a "History of Norway;" if we had we should probably have found the opening paragraph run thus:—"The early history of Norway is enveloped in obscurity; we have nothing but tradition to guide us; and all that can with certainty be asserted is, that the country was inhabited by tribes of barbarians, who carried on with each other a perpetual

warfare." But towards the end of the ninth century Harold Haarfager subjected the whole of Norway to his rule; in consequence of which many of the petty princes resolved to migrate, and win elsewhere, by force of arms, the sovereignty they had lost at home. Then it was that Rollo sailed to Normandy, and—but everybody knows this; everybody is acquainted with Knut and Sweyn, and has heard how the Norwegian arms were carried, not into this country and France alone, but even to Spain, and Italy, and Palestine. But everybody is not aware of the most interesting fact connected with these early times. Ghost of Columbus, shades of Vespucci and Gama, have mercy upon us! Five centuries before ye lived upon this earth, America was discovered by Icelandic navigators, the offspring of Norwegian colonists.

The ruin of Norway was its union with Denmark. For four centuries its history is a blank; it was treated as a conquered province, its nobles impoverished, and its people ground down.

In 1812 Russia, Great Britain consenting, guaranteed Norway to Sweden, on condition that Finland should be given up, and that Bernadotte should join the allied powers. This act, so arbitrary and unjustifiable in itself, has proved a benefit to the little state which its more powerful neighbours thus presumed to toss about in such shuttlecock fashion. Before the people would consent to the new arrangement, a national diet was

convoked ; and in a few days was drawn up a form of constitution, precise and brief (it may all be copied on a single sheet of foolscap), to which the king of Sweden gave his consent on the 4th of November, 1814.

According to this "Magna Charta," Norway is a (very) limited monarchy. The National Assembly, the *Storting*, has powers exceeding those of our legislative houses ; it assembles every three years, not by writ emanating from the crown, but by its own authority ; nor can it be dissolved, without its own consent, before the expiration of three months from the commencement of its sittings : it makes, alters, or repeals laws, fixes all taxes for the ensuing three years, and has complete control over the whole expenditure ; in case of failure of the regal line, it has the right, in conjunction with Sweden, to elect a new sovereign ; and, finally, when a measure has been passed by both houses in three successive sessions, it becomes the law of the land without the royal assent. The most remarkable instance in which this right has been exercised was the abolition of all hereditary titles and honours.

The qualifications for a voter are, that he be twenty-five years of age, the owner, for five years at least, of land paying tax, or a burgess of a town, or the owner of house or land within the town to the value of about thirty-five pounds ; to be elected, he must be thirty years of age. The country is divided into electoral districts and sub-districts ; the former correspond to our counties :

every town having 150 voters forms a sub-district. The voters choose electors, in the proportion of one for every fifty voters in the towns; one for every hundred in the country: the electors choose from among themselves, or from the qualified persons of their district, their representatives in the Storthing.

A "Court of Mutual Agreement" exists in each parish for the settlement of disputes. For legal purposes, the kingdom is divided into four *Stifts*, and sixty-four *Sorenscriveries*. The Sorenscriver sits every quarter; hence an appeal lies to the *Stifts-Amt*, composed of three judges; and hence a final appeal to the High Court at Christiania, composed of a president and eight assessors. Judges are responsible in damages for their decisions. Capital punishment is abolished.

The established religion is Lutheran; but all sects are now tolerated: the Jews were the last to whom toleration was granted, and were, till very recently, excluded from the kingdom. The number of those who dissent from the Lutheran form is very small; the Roman Catholics have a church in Christiania, and have just established a small college at the Alten in the far north; a small colony of Quakers exist at Stavanger: and these are all the dissenters.

The army is very small. About a couple of thousand men for garrison-duty, and as many more engineers and staff officers, are all that are kept constantly under arms. The troops of the line are like our militia, and

are only drawn out in their respective districts for a six weeks' annual drill.

The revenue is about three quarters of a million sterling, principally derived from customs.

The imports consist of colonial produce, wines, salt, and manufactured goods.

The wealth of the people is derived from agriculture, and breeding horses and cattle, from their pine forests, their fisheries, and their mines: the latter are chiefly of iron and copper; but as no coal has been discovered in the country, smelting is an expensive process, and they have not yet arrived at a comprehension of the advantage of exporting the unsmelted ores.

The manufactures are almost entirely domestic; the division of labour is well nigh unknown. Internal trade can scarcely be said to exist, but foreign commerce has lately made a great start; from which it may be anticipated that the Norwegians, by being brought into communion with other nations, will learn to forget their old prejudices, to take advantage of the recent discoveries of art and science, and thus develop to the fullest extent the resources of their land.

The people themselves, though apparently cold and apathetic, we found warm at heart, and, as a rule, civil, contented, and honest: possessed with a deep-seated love of liberty and independence, and a strong belief in the inherent rights of men, they have little notion of degrees of social rank; but he who will drop false

pride, and mingle with them on terms of perfect equality, will find in them much to interest and much to study.

In a land whose length from north to south is upwards of 1100 miles, there must, of course, be considerable variety of climate: on the whole, it is extremely healthy, and the weather little subject to rapid or violent change. In the northern regions the comparative warmth is remarkable; the fertile vale of the Alten is 10 degrees farther north than the point where, in Siberia, agriculture ceases; and around the North Cape, and in the adjoining fjords, the sea never freezes. This is principally due to the Great Gulf stream.

The attractions which Norway offers to the fisherman and the sportsman are well known: its salmon and trout fishing are perhaps unrivalled; reindeer may be stalked on the fjelds; bears and wolves are sometimes met with; hares abound; woodcock, snipe, black-cock, capercailzie, hazel-hen, and ptarmigan (the last-mentioned the most common), may be enumerated among the winged game that is likely to be found: moreover, sport is unfettered, and all may shoot wherever they like. The "shot" who does not confine his attentions to the birds included in the game list will find water-fowl in any quantity, and a great variety of land-birds if he will take the trouble to look for them, though by a casual observer their absence, rather than their presence, is likely to be remarked. Again, the Flora of Norway is varied and extensive—much more so than

might be expected in so high a latitude. Partly, perhaps, in consequence of this, the number of indigenous insects is also large: by the unaided efforts of Professor Esmark, 900 species of Lepidoptera, and 1400 of Coleoptera, have been collected, and the country, if diligently searched, would probably yield double that number. Finally, to the student of marine forms of life, the western fjords offer an almost untried, and almost inexhaustible, field for exploration.

We commend Norway, then, to the notice of the agricultural settler and the political disturber—of the observer of constitutions and the dealer in cod-liver oil—of the lover of the picturesque and the purchaser of salt fish—of the botanist and the timber-merchant—or, in fine, of any one who calls himself a naturalist, whether he hunt for bipeds or quadrupeds, for pebbles or periwinkles, for flies, fleas, or flounders. If such would visit Norway, we venture to assert that one and all, mercantile as well as amateur, each in his own way, would be repaid for his trouble.

There now, after a chapter like this, can it for a moment be doubted that when Norway next wants a prime minister the Viceroy will send for X, or that the unanimous voice of the nation will put "the right man in the right place," by electing Y to be Soc. Reg. Lappon. Pr.?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ENTRY INTO SWEDEN.

“ And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.”

BRYANT.

ON the 1st of September we took a final farewell of Christiania, and started for Stockholm. We did not patronise the ordinary route—that by the Göteborg Canal—but drove across the country, for the sake of seeing more of the interior of Sweden. The first day's journey was up the valley of the Glommen, a river of great width and some grandeur; the land seemed good, the farms were large, and gave signs of better cultivation than usual; the hills were low and tame, and altogether the appearance of the country was that of a rather poor agricultural district in England. The last rays of the sun still gilded the old fortress and the minaret-spire of the church of Kongsvinger, when we reached that straggling little town: it was once a frontier-citadel and place of strength, but the union under

one crown of the two kingdoms of Norway and Sweden has rendered its maintenance needless ; it has passed from a bustling border-town to a peaceable midland village, but its massive fort remains to tell us what it was.

Next day we were ferried, horse, carriage, and all, across the Glommen, on one of the most clumsy and flounder-like ferries ever contrived by man. Soon after we entered Sweden. The boundary between the countries was not marked by any outward and visible sign ; we glided imperceptibly from one to the other, and did not find out for some little time that we were journeying in a strange land. Naturally enough the aspect of the country did not change abruptly, and the people near the border could understand Norsk ; in fact, everything looked quite Norwegian, and even the turnips were not Swedes !

A very short experience, however, was sufficient to point out several distinctions : one of the first discovered, and certainly the most annoying difference, was that of language, for Swedish is quite another tongue to the Norwegian : to the latter it has great affinity, and, indeed, has just sufficient resemblance to be extremely puzzling. We found travelling cheaper in Sweden than in Norway ; the rule of the road in driving changed when the frontier was crossed ; the farming improved ; oxen and cows were used in harness and the plough ; flad-bröd was replaced by hard brown

cakes which well-nigh broke our teeth; the people were not so fair or light-haired as the Norwegians, and had more colour in their cheeks; the peasants did not chew so much tobacco; but all the men, not only those who shoe man or beast, wore leather aprons,—a habit not becoming; many of their cottages were thatched with straw; all their dwellings were models of cleanliness, and there was an entire absence of fleas; even our own particular flea, our favourite flea, which had travelled with us throughout the length and breadth of “Gamle Norge,” who had been for weeks our bosom friend, even he forsook us, and jumped away to his native haunts; we lost a lively companion, whose biting wit ceased not to tickle our fancies, and keep us “itching after novelties.”

We have said that travelling was cheaper in Sweden than in Norway; perhaps we ought to explain our mode of progression. At distances of about ten miles from one another are station-houses along all the roads, the keepers of which are bound to find horses, and, if need be, a conveyance, for all who ask: the fixed charge is twenty-four skillings rix per horse per Swedish mile, or thirty-six skillings if two ride in the same vehicle, for which an additional charge of two skillings is made: thus, X and Y, travelling together, were able to get over some seven English miles for nine English pence a-piece. Having disposed of our carriages, we had to trust entirely to the resources of the various stations,

and great was the diversity of form in the different vehicles we drove. From Christiania to Upsala is upwards of fifty stages, for each of which we had a separate wagon ; of the fifty no two were alike. Sometimes we had springs, but more often none ; sometimes two wheels, sometimes four ; sometimes a cushioned seat, more frequently a bare board ; one stage we were perched high up in air, and the next we almost rolled in the dust ; at times we were advanced to all the dignity of a farmer's gig, while at others we were dragged along in an elongated wash-tub, in which we rattled down the hills, in imminent peril of being jerked and jolted to pieces. Nor was the variety of *skjutskarl* less striking than the variety of cart ; we had every form of youth, from the light-hearted, merry little songster, to the sulky and morose little brute who complained of our furious driving—a charge which was at once dismissed when it was found that we had been two hours and five minutes in driving twelve English miles ; once even we had a young lady to accompany us in that capacity ; and we had, too, every form of old man, from the garrulous beer-drinker, to the amusing gentleman who insisted upon stopping in the middle of a stage to *eat* a pinch of snuff, and give his horse a cake of bread,—the only form in which the poor beast had ever tasted corn. Scarcely less varied were the conjectures of the people as to our nationality ; often enough John Bull crept out, and we were recognised as Englishmen ; but

several times they mistook us for Norwegians, and several times for Danes; once for Frenchmen, and often for Germans; and finally, the greatest triumph of all, we were once taken for Swedes: the martial appearance of X, and the commanding tones in which he ordered out his quadruped, were such that he was looked up to as a military officer, and had great difficulty in inducing the deluded man to receive the eighteen-pence that was his due for the use of his horse and cart.

We have spoken of *skillings rix*: this reminds us of the beautiful complexity of the Swedish money. Not satisfied with the ordinary difficulties of a pence-table, they persist in involving themselves in all sorts of arithmetical quagmires, by having two different kinds of dollars, *riks-dollars riks-mynt*, and *riks-dollars banco*: three of the former are equal to two of the latter; and each is again distinct from the Norwegian dollar. A similar confusion exists between the *skillings*, as each kind of dollar is divided into forty-eight *skillings*. In common parlance, a dollar means a *dollar riks*; but in a bookseller's shop it means a *dollar banco*. Taxes and public securities are reckoned in *banco*; and the bank-notes and moneys are expressed in the same scale: thus, a note worth ten dollars riks will be expressed as 6½ dollars banco. Formerly, paper-money prevailed almost universally: such is the increasing wealth of the country, that the small notes have now been replaced by a silver and copper coinage; the smallest notes we met with,—

and these are still the chief medium of exchange,—were those for one dollar riks, equivalent to thirteen-pence-halfpenny of our money. Such, then, were the differences we observed when we passed from Norway to Sweden. Our first view of the country was rather pleasing than otherwise; the chief characters of its scenery are wavy hills covered with forests of spruce and pine, which, in parts, have been cleared away, and have given place to good farms with substantial homesteads; while its beauty is principally owing to the presence of an abundance of lakes, some of such size as to deserve the name of inland seas.

It was at Carlstadt that we first proved ourselves good Swedes. If there be one thing more peculiarly Swedish than another, it is the habit of taking, before dinner or supper, a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of *finkel*, or corn-brandy. Now, when we arrived at our hotel it was quite dark, and the drive had been cold; we felt, therefore, in full force for a hearty meal. Our *Carnival* having ceased when Norway ceased to contain us, some “Oxsteg med Potates” was soon ordered. Y suggested soup; the idea was too good to be neglected; but what was the Swedish for “soup?” “Faint heart ne’er won,” thought X; then, making the wildest of shots, he rushed to the waiter, and asked: “Hafva ni suppa?” “Ja, strax,” was the reply. So we sat, during that indefinite interval of time included in the word “strax,” and speculated what kind of soup

would come to cheer us with its warmth. At length appeared, not oxtail, or mock-turtle, or even vermicelli; but bread and butter and cheese, and for each a dram of *finkel*! We took to it kindly, and were complimented by the assembled occupants of the coffee-room, on our evident appreciation of the customs of the country; the habit, thus acquired, was retained until we quitted Sweden.

Carlstadt is a lively country-town, prettily situated at the top of the great Wenern Lake, where the river Klar flows into it: it is the seat of a bishopric, but its cathedral did not interest us much, for it possesses no architectural beauty whatever; it has, however, the merit of being able to contain a very large number of people. We met and conversed with a very pleasant gentleman, who gave us information about the mode of travelling, and the parts best worth visiting: he was the first Scandinavian we met with to whom French seemed familiar; in fact, this was the only occasion, in the whole course of our tour, on which that language was of any service to us. The Wenern Lake is of enormous size—indeed we believe it to be the largest inland sea in Europe, with the exception of the Russian Ladoga; but the country around is so flat, that we were unable to get any extensive views across it, and our route did not lie along its shores, for we turned north-east, and drove away towards Dalecarlia.

We soon passed from the purely agricultural to the

mining districts: at first we encountered iron-mines, and many were the villages and little towns we visited, each the possessor of, and living by, its mine, with which it was connected by a tramway. At one of the largest of these, Laxbro by name, we arrived at night, in the midst of a fog so thick that we could not see a yard before us: the existence of the town was announced by the glare of the smelting-works, which served to make the outer darkness darker still, to make the darkness visible: the smelting was carried on in wooden houses, through the wide chinks of which the light streamed forth like fiery two-edged swords of the destroying angels. We escaped from these only to be lost in the appalling gloom, whose vast brooding shadow seemed to weigh heavy upon our limbs: in vain the "tired eye turned in search of form," and many were the windings we had to make before we found our house of refuge—even the horse knew not the way to his accustomed stall.

CHAPTER XX.

FAHLUN.

“Laboured mines, undrainable of ore.”—TENNYSON.

DALECARLIA is a large inland province, drained by two noble rivers, the East and West Dal, which unite to form one stream at its southern end: it is a land rich in corn, and pine forests, and mines, whose scenery is, to say the least, pretty; and whose people still retain some of the habits of days long gone by. We soon became aware, by the number of hills we encountered, we had entered this favoured district.

The capital of Dalecarlia is Fahlun. Before reaching it, we crossed the double stream by a wooden bridge, which rests on the surface of the water, and is partially supported thereby, and traversed a large, well-cultivated plain. We had a horribly slow horse to drive the last stage, one whom neither sweet words of blandishment, nor the application of the whip, could induce to progrede otherwise than in a tortoise-like amble; but at length we arrived at the inn, and having provided

ourselves with a comfortable sitting-room, our first inquiry was for dinner. This was answered to the effect that no dinners were served in that house; but we were shown the way to another, where *middag* was the order of the day. This we afterwards found to be the custom in all the towns: as in many continental countries, you lodge only at your inn, and go out to search for your dinner at any restaurant the place may afford.

Fahlun seems to exist entirely by its copper mines, which have been worked for untold ages—certainly for more than six centuries. Look where you will, evidences of mining industry meet the eye; machinery of some kind or other, slag and refuse ore, exist everywhere; while the whole atmosphere is impregnated with the choky fumes of the smelting furnaces, which destroy vegetation, and give an air of discomfort to the place. With the exception of the Town Hall and the two brick churches, the town is built almost entirely of wood: the houses are for the most part coloured red, and each is provided with its ladder in case of fire. The cottages of the miners seem poor and small, in comparison with those of the peasants in the districts through which we passed. The language of the Dalecarlians is said to be a dialect incomprehensible to their neighbours, being in fact the Swedish of some centuries back; their costume also smacks of antiquity. That of the women consists of a short skirt of black, or some dark colour, a drab waist, leaving the arms free and

covered only by the ample sleeves of a snow-white chemise, and an apron of the brightest hue, generally gamboge, often adorned with stripes of that decided nature frequently characterised by the epithet "loud;" the head is covered with a night-cap-shaped dress (a lady's night-cap of course) of crimson wool; the stockings are of the same material, usually whitey-brown, but often crimson, enclosing a very respectable ankle and calf: but the oddity of all is the shoe! Of all the detestable inventions cunningly devised to render the process of ambulation difficult and inconvenient, the shoe of the Dalecarlian dames must be by far the worst. It is of leather, with a sole of wood; but the sole is not for walking on: oh, no! In the innocency of our hearts we had always regarded the phrase "walking soles" in which our *sutor* delights as a redundancy and a pleonasm: but we shall not again insult the worthy cobbler by such a thought; the ignorance was clearly ours: *he* knew the secrets of the trade in Dalecarlia, and *we* did not. The Dalecarlians' soles then are not "walking soles;" but from the centre thereof, immediately under the instep, protrudes a great peg of wood; supporting themselves on this, and on the tips of their toes, they go stalking along, looking, in their short petticoats, for all the world like an awkward and gaudily-plumaged bird, flamingo or other, sadly afflicted with corns! In the costumes of the men there is not much to remark: all wear knee-breeches of leather, and the eternal leather

apron ; they are generally tall and good-looking, but have thin thighs, which seem as though they did not belong to them : on the whole, however, their appearance is that of good-feeding and good-temper. The women are somewhat gawky, and not over-embarrassed with beauty ; but all the girls, whether to make up for their own want of attraction, or because it was Sunday, we know not, carried large bouquets of flowers.

The next morning we went down the great copper mine ; it lies close to the town, or perhaps we ought to say, the town lies close to it : the entrance to it is at once made apparent by the huge chasm, which results from an extensive slip of the surface crust that took place nearly two centuries ago. There are several shafts, the deepest being no less than 200 fathoms : that we descended had a regularly constructed staircase for the first fifty or sixty fathoms, by which progress was at once easy and clean ; but lower down, the descent was made by a series of ladders, placed almost vertically, to look down which, if it had not been pitch dark, would have been no pleasant sight for a man inclined to giddiness : as there was much mud and dripping of water, we found the benefit of the old coat and wide-awake in which we had been encased. The galleries were generally lofty and wide : it was in few places that we had to stoop in walking through them, while here and there were excavations of a more gigantic nature—vast caves of enormous height, from which the ore had been

extracted, that height but dimly visible by the fitful glare of the torch-light: each of these had its peculiar name, and was called after a town or country, or after some celebrated character: geography and chronology were, of course, set at nought; St. Helena was brought into close proximity to Paris (but this perhaps was mythologically correct), Northumberland to New South Wales; Kossuth and Queen Victoria were there, as here, good neighbours, the imperial Jellachich fraternized with the republican Lamartine, while each was contemporary with Julius Cæsar. The richness of the ore varied considerably, and some of it glittered and shone most brilliantly; but we could not learn that the yield of pure copper was very great, even from the richest parts of the vein. The excavations are made by blasting, the sound of which, as we wandered among the subterranean passages, we feel in duty bound to compare to (what we never heard) the booming of a thousand cannon; or, if more distant, it resembled the majestic roll of the thunder-peal, and possessed a certain indefinable mellowness and solemnity that struck one with awe, and brought fully home to one's mind the infernal grandeur of the spot. Having remained below upwards of two hours, we re-ascended by ladders, and emerged by an entrance at some distance from that by which we had gone down. We were then shown over the works which exist above-ground, where the ore, on being brought out, is sorted and smelted, and the metal extracted. The

principal ore is copper pyrites, mixed with iron pyrites, embedded in quartz. The pyrites ores are roasted, then mixed in a certain proportion with quartz ore, and put into a furnace: from this comes out an alloy containing sulphides of copper and iron, and a large quantity of refuse. The process is repeated upon the sulphide until the sulphur is removed, and then the metal is left in the form of an oxide, which is reduced by increasing the temperature. Besides obtaining in this manner the pure metal, a large quantity of vitriol is made by oxidizing the sulphide of copper. By these means a fair interest is obtained on the capital expended: though the quantity of ore raised is not nearly so great as formerly; in fact, it is at present limited by some absurd State-regulation, which prescribes for the owners of each mine the maximum quantity they shall be allowed to raise in the course of the year.

The great Fahlun mine is worked by a company of nearly 1200 shareholders, and they employ about the same number of workmen. It is probably the largest, as well as the oldest-worked mine in the world: independent of its antiquity, it possesses historical interest from the fact that in it Gustavus Wasa was concealed from the Danes, from it he emerged and excited the Dalecarlians to head that rebellion which expelled the intruders, raised Gustav himself to the throne, and Sweden to the height of her prosperity.

When we had concluded our inspection of the mine,

the question arose as to whether we should drive northwards or southwards: our Swedish friend at Carlstadt had informed us that the scenery about the Siljan Lake was "grandiose"—another said it was "wie der Schweiz"—but to our non-Swedish eyes it did not seem to deserve such a description. True, we were not there to see! but we were scarcely twenty miles from the borders of the lake, and all the hills we saw, and they were many in number, were of small elevation, much more comparable with the celebrated Cambridgeshire range, yclept the Gog-Magogs, than with Mont Blanc or any of those mole-hills, the Jungfrau, *par exemple*, which occur in the Bernese Oberland. *Grand* the Siljan scenery could not be—*pretty* it certainly must be: and, if time had been no object, we should certainly have run the risk of being designated as "silly 'uns" for having visited it, and should have gone as far as the porphyry works of Elfdal. But as it was, and considering that we had seen somewhat of the Dalecarlian scenery, habits, and costume, we determined to make Fahlun our northernmost point in Sweden, and turn our faces towards Upsala. We therefore drove down the east side of Lake Runn, to Hedemora, a pretty little town of perhaps a thousand people, then re-crossed the Dal by a raft-bridge, and in due course came to Sala: the only object of interest in this curious-looking place is the silver mine, kept up by the State, and said to be scarcely self-supporting: the peasants, doubtless, have private mines of their own; at

all events they had plenty of loose cash to indulge in a considerable amount of drinking: but they did not appear to have much to spare for shoe-leather, for many of them wore, not shoes, but sandals—flat boards under the soles, held on by woollen fastenings passed several times round the foot.

Beyond this, the country assumed a purely agricultural aspect. We started early one cold and misty morning, when we could not see fifty yards before us; so that there was nothing to admire but the innumerable spider-webs that hung from the trees, all “tangled in a silver braid” of pearl-like dew-drops: but towards noon the mists cleared off, the view over the far-extending plain was uninterrupted, and we gazed upon the twin towers of Upsala.

CHAPTER XXI.

UPSALA.

"Yon great plain
That sweeps with all its Autumn bowers
And crowded farms, and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main."—TENNYSON.

"Ett jätteverk
För evigheten, templet i Upsala likt."—FRITHIOF.

UPSALA—the shrine of Odin: the capital of Sweden, when the sacred race of Ynglinga was on the throne—the last stronghold of expiring Paganism—the great University of the far North—what a host of memories does its name call up! Our ideal Upsala was a quaint walled town, with lofty houses and narrow streets: to whose architecture every sovereign had contributed something in the fashion of his own time, from Odin to Bernadotte: a city bearing the stamp of antiquity and consecrated to learning, changed only in that the worship of one Goddess had yielded to that of another: that Freya had given way to Pallas.

Look on that picture and on this.

A small and very plain town, whose only pretence to

a wall was a post of granite on either side of the road, termed "the Gates:" with low modern houses and broad streets, alarmingly clean, and nothing to lead one back to ancient times save two churches, a good deal modernised. Such was the reality that greeted our eyes when we took our first walk through Upsala. What a realization of our dreams!

Nor was this all; the houses are built partially in the plain, and partially on a precipitous ridge, which forms the termination of the hill-country of Sweden in this direction. To the north, far as the eye can reach, stretches a vast plain, dotted with villages here and there, and rich with pastures and corn-fields. The summit of this eminence is crowned by the castle, a building which in point of ugliness stands "peerless among its peers." For, not content with erecting a pile of shapeless, tasteless masonry, they have gone and painted it pink! Yes; there it stands, blushing rosy red on the height, as if heartily ashamed of itself—a mark for all eyes; not a tree near to hide one single square foot of its exceeding ugliness.

On a lower level is the library, not nearly so handsome as the famous one at Berlin, whose architect was desired by Frederick the Great to take a chest of drawers as his model; but, though not an epitome of all that is beautiful in construction, still a commodious edifice, with the rare virtue of suiting the purpose for which it was built. Inscribed on the exterior of the

building, in large letters of gold, are the words, "Carolina Rediviva;" and much did we puzzle our brains to discover who Caroline was when in the flesh.

The first floor is devoted to the books, which are arranged in two admirably lighted and lofty apartments. They seem well kept and well read; and, as far as we could judge from a hasty inspection, the library is a very good one. We saw most modern English works of any repute, whence we thought the deduction a fair one, that other countries were equally well represented. Of course, we were shown the celebrated Gothic Version of the Four Gospels, written in silver characters on purple vellum, yecept the "Codex Argenteus;" and also some other curious MSS., of which Linnæus' Journal interested us most.

The University, poor thing, possesses no buildings; students lodge in private houses, and the professors deliver their lectures at their own residences. The number of students is about 800. Their presence gives a lively appearance to a place which otherwise would be the very essence of dulness. They wear white velvet caps, with a black border round the bottom, in the front of which is a rosette of yellow and blue, the Swedish colours; as this differs only in colour from the caps in ordinary wear, they do not think it necessary to leave them off when they "go down;" so that they serve to distinguish an Upsala student wherever he may be.

The most interesting, and at the same time by far the handsomest building in Upsala, is its Cathedral. Begun in 1273 and finished in 1435, it is of Middle Pointed character. The material is red brick, with stone for the plinth, coping-stones, &c. In 1287, Etienne de Bonveil, a French architect, was sent for to complete it as nearly as possible like Notre Dame de Paris. And it does bear a good many points of resemblance to a French cathedral, especially in its ground plan, which consists of a nave with aisles and chapels; transepts projecting very little beyond the line of the latter; a choir with aisles and chapels, and five-sided apse; and at its easternmost end a Lady Chapel, terminating in a precisely similar manner. The interior of the nave is extremely plain, and disfigured like the rest of the church with white-wash; but in the choir the work is richer. The capitals are beautifully carved with foliage, either in separate leaves or in wreaths. An attempt to decorate the Lady Chapel has signally failed; the walls are covered with very ill-drawn frescoes, representing events in the life of Gustavus I., with sham tracery painted on the wall above.

The exterior is interesting as a specimen of brick ornamentation. It is the sole material employed for the mouldings and panel work on the towers. The flat surfaces of these are covered with bands of ornament, and tracery work of various kinds, executed in relief. The west door is most elaborate; true to its French

origin it is deeply recessed, with a continuous capital of rose and oak leaves; the opening is square, and in the tympanum of the arch above are two bas-reliefs of the Flagellation and Annunciation.

The church is dedicated to St. Olaf, St. Lawrence, and St. Eric; the relics of the last of these repose in a gilt reliquary of some beauty, near the High Altar. In the sacristy are preserved some very beautiful ancient vestments.

The bones of Linnæus lie near the west end, under a plain stone slab; but, in a chapel on the north side, stands a porphyry tablet, "Carolo à Linné, Botanicorum Principi." We afterwards saw his statue in the Museum of the Botanic Gardens; he is seated, holding in his hand a flower, the *Linnæa borealis*, on which he is supposed to be lecturing. The house in which he lived still exists. It is a low wooden building in the form of a crescent, painted white, and with no second story. It looked a singularly damp and uncomfortable residence, embowered in trees, which seem to have pretty nearly engrossed the whole space of what was the first Botanical Garden.

We walked one afternoon to Old Upsala, which lies some two miles away across the plain, in a north-west direction. The westernmost portion of the village church—a dozen houses are all that it can boast—is said to be a fragment of the great temple of Odin that stood here. And it may well be so; the portion in question

is of an extremely early style, with massive stone walls nearly six feet thick, and curious vaulting quite different from what one usually sees in the nave of a church. The temple was not finally destroyed till A.D. 1000, having been rebuilt after a previous destruction two centuries before, so that one would expect any portions that survived to be in a style very similar to what we observe in the four walls, to which popular belief assigns so high an antiquity. The chancel is more modern.

Between Upsala and this old church are three lofty Tumuli, said to contain the ashes of Odin, Thor, and Freya. And these, and yon mouldering wall of grey stone, are all that are left to us of the false worship that was for so long the religion of the north. In place of the sacred grove, reeking with the blood of victims, one sees a peaceful orchard; the temple has become a church; and the only ceremony that now takes place on Odin's grave is the solemn quaffing of a draught of beer to Odin's memory out of an antique horn kept at the neighbouring farm. No longer do the priests with golden bowls stand round the altar whereon a human victim smokes; no longer do wild hymns break the stillness of the plain; but even as we sat upon the turfy mound, we saw a village funeral wind among the cottages, and up to the church—a holier procession than ever came thither in the days when it blazed with gold and jewels, and all Scandinavia joined to increase the splendour of Odin's shrine.

CHAPTER XXII.

STOCKHOLM.

"A city in the sea—

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing."—ROGERS.

FROM Upsala a steamer plies to Stockholm. The river Fyris is a most scanty stream, with low, sedgy banks, and in many places scarcely wider than the narrow vessel which navigates it. But when the Mälär Lake is entered, the scenery rapidly improves. The banks are low, it is true; but so charmingly wooded as to make up for any deficiency in height; and when we saw them, rich autumn tints were glowing on the oaks and beeches which mingled with the sombre pines, and dipped their branches into the calm water.

At one time the lake narrowed to a river, at another it was a broad sheet of water, with villas and castles, or even an old town upon its banks; then, as we passed the mouth of some other branch of it, threading our

way through the many islands, a long vista was obtained of wooded heights, a quiet bay, and ships in full sail, bright and distinct in the clear northern atmosphere.

At length we saw before us a multitude of spires, with one huge square building conspicuous above them all. As we drew nearer we could see long quays, and bridges joining island to island, while in the foreground was a string of boats, rowed chiefly by Dalecarlian women in their costume of many colours, and steamers plying to and fro, and large vessels at anchor. This was Stockholm : and grand enough it looked, with its wooded heights behind it, and the blue water flowing up to the very doors of its houses, between the islands on which it is built ; though you do not at first see, approaching it as we did from the lake side, how completely it is built on a chain of islands between the Mälar and the Baltic. And it is its situation that is its glory ; nature has done everything, and man as yet a mere nothing : with an architecture as fine as that of the Queen of the Adriatic, Stockholm might be truly the Venice of the North, with as wide a commerce, and none of the tyranny that disgraced the great Republic.

“ What a pity it is that imposing should be so nearly akin to imposition,” said a facetious friend of ours, when we were describing Stockholm to him. And truly the illusion is a good deal broken when you land and walk about the streets. Not that the city is positively unpicturesque ; on the contrary, the combination of quaint

houses and canals, and the various levels on which it is built,—so that, as you look down the steep streets, you get a pretty view of lake, and trees, and shipping, and boats, and market-women,—is rather striking; but there is such a pretence about the whole thing, such a bare-faced attempt to produce a grand effect at a small cost, by setting up shams, that you soon lose all confidence in the place. The mistake that has been made is that the builders have deemed stone indispensable; as it would have to be brought from a great distance, and therefore would be expensive, they have not honestly abandoned the idea, and built well in those materials that nature has put near at hand for them, but have sought to imitate it in stucco, over brick.

The huge palace itself is nearly all of stucco; so are the churches, with two or three exceptions in favour of red brick; and the consequence is, that though they may look bright enough when first built, they soon assume a dirty, blotchy appearance, and the whole puts on the aspect of a town of gingerbread. The most beautiful part is the quay facing the Baltic; there you get the most picturesque front of the palace, with the square and the obelisk and St. Nicholas' Church behind; and at the top of the flight of granite steps, that form the landing-place, stands the statue of Gustavus I. Looking seawards, the scene is an animated one; large vessels sailing to and fro, or discharging their cargoes alongside of the quay. Small paddle-boats, whose wheels

are worked by women, are perpetually scuffling across from island to island, or carrying holiday-makers to the various parks in the neighbourhood; while in the background the view is closed by lofty and well-wooded shores.

The best museum in Stockholm is that devoted to Zoology. Besides a numerous series of exotic specimens, it contains a very well preserved Fauna of Scandinavia. Two rooms are filled with the birds, which seem to be the branch of natural history best known; some of them are very splendid, especially the eagles, and some hybrids between the grouse and black cock, and all are well stuffed. Another apartment contains the quadrupeds, and the nucleus of a collection of marine animals. These have not yet been arranged, but remain crowded together in large jars, just as when first sent home. As far as is possible, the skeletons of the birds and quadrupeds are exhibited by the side of the stuffed specimens; but as an anatomical collection, that of the Carolin Institut, a medical school attached to the hospital of the Seraphim, is far richer.

The picture gallery is worth very little. A good bonfire would be of infinite service. A Virgin and Child, by Lucas Cranach, is almost the only work of art worth looking at. Some of the modern Swedish sculpture is good, especially the works of Byström. One ancient statue of merit is there, the Sleeping Endymion; but it did not strike us as being of the very best period of

Greek art. It was found among the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli.

The Swedes have commenced an historical museum, by collecting together an extensive wardrobe of old clothes, which are displayed in the Kläderkammare. The best part of it are the coats of mail worn by some of the earlier kings; one, said, of course, to be by Benvenuto Cellini, is especially beautiful. The relics of Charles XII. are interesting; the toys he played with as a child; his furniture, and the stout buff jerkins of himself and his guards. As one would naturally expect, there are plenty of things said to have belonged to Gustavus Adolphus; among others, the horse, stuffed, which carried him at Lutzen. After Charles XII., dress suits predominate, and the collection sinks into a heap of gaily-coloured velvets and tawdry satins.

The Rittarholm's Church is the only one of any interest. It is now used as the royal mausoleum. In the choir are the coats-of-arms of the knights of the order of the Seraphim, and all along the nave are suspended flags and trophies which were captured in the various wars, many of them by Charles XII. These give a picturesque effect to the building; but the whole appearance is utterly unchurchlike; service is never performed therein, and the whole strikes cold and dead as the ashes it contains.

In the number of its parks and shady retreats within easy reach, Stockholm stands unrivalled; it would take

a summer's day to tell of all the secluded groves that nestle in the bosoms of the myriad isles of the Mälar. At Drottningsholm is a small palace, whose one side is washed by the waters of the lake, while the other looks out upon its far-extending gardens, with their long avenues and their circling walks, their terraces and their statuary. In another direction, and nearer the city, is the park of Carlsberg, one of the nicest of these retreats, beneath the shade of whose noble trees an afternoon flies rapidly. Not far from this is Haga, with its splendid timber, its artificial lakes, and its summer residences. But more frequented far than these is Djurgården, a park of wide extent and varied attractions; it is close to the capital, and all around it are cafés and skittle-grounds, theatres and shooting-galleries, circuses and bon-bon shops; it is a very *Champs-Élysées*: but once within the precincts, the sight of the town is lost, a few neat villas alone are seen, and then come endless walks and countless drives, gardens and shrubberies, shady nooks with pleasant seats, and charming groves adorned with sculpture,—such a profusion of delights that you wander on and on, forget that day is waning, and finally return to town in amazement at your own forgetfulness.

Not far from Carlsberg is the Church of Solna. Its tower, like that at Old Upsala, is said to have been part of a heathen temple—but let that pass. What makes the place interesting now is that rare addition to a foreign church, especially near a city—a quiet English-

looking churchyard. Beneath its spreading trees lie many men of note ; some who with velvet-tread have passed noiselessly through patient lives of study, and, leaving their discoveries behind them, have sought here an equally noiseless tomb ; others who have spent their lives in the bustle of the court, and the turmoil of the town, but have preferred to take their long last sleep in this tranquil spot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WISBY.

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art
and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that
round them throng.”—LONGFELLOW.

“Une terre qui est fatiguée de la gloire.”—MADAME DE STAEL.

THE voyage from Stockholm to Gottland takes about twenty-six hours. The steamer threads her way among the numerous low wooded islands of the Mälar Lake as far as Södertelje, where a canal has been cut through the narrow isthmus which divides the lake from the sea. But even when we were fairly in salt water we could scarcely perceive the difference: a reef of islands fringes the coast so completely that it is only by their increasing barrenness, by the unmistakeable smell of seaweed, and the sight of a lighthouse here and there, that we became at last aware that we were in the Baltic.

There is little striking in the first view of the island of Gottland. Cold grey cliffs of limestone rising out of the sea, preserving a uniform level, with no appearance,

at that distance, of trees or habitations, did not offer a very inviting prospect, as the vessel pitched through a heavy sea, beneath a dull and rainy sky.

About halfway down the west coast of the island stands its capital Wisby: and when this was once in sight, we forgot that it was cold and wet, in our admiration for what we saw before us. For where the limestone cliffs recede from the sea, in terrace above terrace, shelving very gradually, we caught sight of a group of walls and towers, girt about with an embattled fortification, which is further strengthened by turrets at intervals.

This is Wisby the famous: and as we drew nearer we could see that there were quite sufficient ruins left to account for its old renown. There are so many large trees growing among the houses, that the dwarf erections of more recent date are hidden from view as you approach it from the seaward side: thence one sees only the tall old mansions of the merchant princes, and the huge naves of the churches, with vast gables east and west, generally roofless, but with the vaults in many cases still entire, covered with grass, shrubs, and small trees, so as to look more like a natural rock than a work of man's devising: while high above all rise the three tall towers of our Lady's Church, the only one now in use; and many another, half in ruins, but which yet is of so massive a construction as to defy the winds and storms, and the might of time to overthrow

it. Yes, even as some faithful devotee, maimed and crippled and bowed down by the weight of years, is yet found daily kneeling in the same nook of the cathedral, his eyes upturned with the same fervour of devotion as of old, this one lamp of reverence still burning steadily when all his other faculties are marred and dimmed—so seem to stand those towers, gazing up steadfastly to heaven, striving as earnestly to shadow forth the same truths, as when, with pomp and song, the churches they have survived were dedicated to the service of God.

We walked through the narrow streets, and lingered under the walls of the churches, or paced the green-sward of their aisles: we sat upon the vast masses of rubbish which now lie strewn over the open spaces in the upper part of the town, and looked over the house-tops at the little haven beneath, and the broad blue sea beyond: we sallied forth from the gates, and walked round the fortifications, greatly admiring their massive grandeur and the stability with which they have resisted man and time alike: we thought of the days when Wisby was a populous and wealthy town, when the merchants of all the world were there, and a Babel of tongues arose in the mart so silent now; when the queer little harbour was full of queerer ships, such as one sees in old pictures, with lofty prows and loftier sterns; when the calculating German and the subtle Oriental, the Englishman and the Lapp, stood bartering on the quay

—those palmy days of trade, when monarchs deferred to the merchants' great guild as to a power equal to their own, dreaded its armies, and respected its laws.

In most other cities that still preserve their mediæval characteristics in tolerable perfectness, there are some recent buildings of merit. Nuremberg, Cologne, Lübeck, keep up a considerable trade, and the requirements of the inhabitants have caused a modern town to grow up, either round the ancient buildings, or in the form of a suburb without the walls: but in Wisby the dwellings that shelter the 4,000 inhabitants of to-day do not obtrude themselves in any way upon the traveller's notice; they are plain and insignificant, clinging lovingly to the old churches, and sheltering themselves under their vast sides so as to screen themselves from view: commerce has almost wholly left the place; and old Wisby stands alone, almost unchanged, like a rock which has been left high and dry among the meadows by an alteration in the course of the stream which used to flow around it.

And yet no populous town of modern Europe can compete in interest with those grey ruinous piles. Whether or no the story be true that Wisby rose almost suddenly to prosperity upon the destruction of the Pomeranian towns of Julin and Veneta, some time in the ninth century, whereupon the merchants, who had thronged those marts, transferred their commerce to the town that took their place in the commercial world; yet the style of

architecture prevalent throughout the island warrants the belief that it was an extensive place at a very early date, not long after the first Christian missionaries had preached in Sweden.

Christianity was first introduced into Sweden by S. Anskar, monk of Corbey. It does not seem, however, to have reached Gottland for nearly a century; when the island was visited by that stormy propagandist of the faith, S. Olaf, then an exile from his native Norway. The islanders at first resisted his missionary efforts, and a great strife arose. True to his motto, "Death or conversion," he burnt and pillaged, and levied heavy taxes. Odin came not to help them: Olaf and his pirates were at their doors: why preserve allegiance to divinities who could not, or would not, aid them? Become Christians, and contend not against one whom ye are powerless to withstand. Thus reasoned Ulmar, a chieftain of Gottland. So the rude islanders took a calm view of Christianity by the light of their blazing homesteads; and persuasively did it appear before them in the shape of immunity from their present burdens, and safety for the future for themselves and their children: the swords of Olaf's men were powerful incentives, and before long drove them to the Font. Olaf built the first church on a small island off the east coast, which is still called S. Olaf's Holm.

By far the greater part of the churches are in the Romanesque style: a few denote a transition from that

to the earliest Pointed : and in Wisby there are one or two pure Pointed buildings. And the silent witness they bear coincides perfectly with the legend—for one can call it little more, as the chronicles of Wisby do not exist—which recounts that the first church after Olaf's departure was built in 1029, not without opposition from the heathen ; and that, after this was built, they rose rapidly over the whole island, without further molestation. Now the Hanseatic League was not thought of till 1241 : for more than a century before this Gottland must have been rich and powerful : no island that was not could boast of 100 churches, in a space of 80 miles by 30. When Nuremberg and Ratisbon, Hamburg and the Hartz towns were insignificant villages, Wisby was the centre of commerce and of traffic ; the emporium where the wealth of the North was stored up ere it passed into Germany, and thence to the South ; the city where Christianity was fostered, and where wise laws were framed to regulate the maritime transactions of the world.

Of the eighteen churches that Wisby could originally boast, there are the remains of twelve yet traceable. The town had once suburbs, in one of which was a church dedicated to S. George ; but these were destroyed when Waldemar the Dane stormed Wisby in 1361. Determined to resist him to the last, the burghers first opposed his landing, which took place at some distance from the city, against which he marched from the land

side. For three successive days, aided by the country people, they withstood the invaders: and though vanquished at last, they assembled the scattered remnants of their forces, and prepared to defend their city.

They gathered together all their property within their walls: they burnt the north and south suburbs, that they might offer no shelter to the invader: nor was it till 1,800 of their bravest citizens had fallen that the Danes made an effectual breach in the walls, and entered to plunder and to kill. But enormous as the booty was, it brought but little profit to the plunderers. Some of their ships were so heavily laden as to sink on their passage home: and the vengeance of the whole Hanseatic league fell on Denmark: their forces met at first with some reverses; but after a short peace, signed in order to gain time, they utterly crushed Waldemar, stormed his capital, and extorted from him a fresh ratification of their commercial privileges.

By far the most interesting church in Wisby, or even in Gottland, though not the oldest, is that of the Holy Spirit. Its plan is an irregular octagon, with a rectangular chancel, entered by a round arch, with which the eastern side is pierced. Inside, the chancel has a quasi-apse, semicircular in form, where stood the high altar of the church. But that which renders the construction so very remarkable is, that the nave possesses a second story, and there is a legend that it once had a third; but to this there seem to be insuperable objections.

The nave vault is supported on four octagonal pillars, with octagonal bases and capitals, the former standing on square plinths. From pillar to pillar spring perfectly plain round arches to support the centre vault, and likewise smaller ones to support the vaults of what may be termed the aisle, each resting on a corbel at the angles of the octagon, at an equal height from the ground with the capitals of the pillars. None of this vaulting is enriched with ribs.

The windows in this lower part of the church are generally narrow slits, with a broad internal splay, with the exception of the western one, which is a sexfoil cut in a single stone, and set in a round-headed arch.

The upper floor is approached by staircases along the north and south-west walls. These staircases have been arched over by three ascending round arches, and we thought we could detect the remains of shafts which had supported them, and formed an arcade or screen between the steps and the church.

The upper church is entered at the west end, and has a round-headed doorway, where the two staircases meet on a landing place one step below the floor. The arrangements of this story are almost identical with those of the lower: the pillars are cylindrical instead of being octagonal, and there is a low arch, through which the ceremonies in the church might be seen. The arches also which have supported the central vault, now open to the heavens, are pointed.

In the centre of the floor is an octagonal opening into the lower church, about six feet wide. Its sides are formed of large dressed stones, the inner edge of which is ornamented with a suit of deeply cut mouldings. As the pavement has been removed, one cannot say whether there has been any railing round this opening or not. There seems reason in the theory of the architect who assigns to this church a later date than 1046, the date which is current in Wisby, though without any particular authority it would seem. The lower church possesses all the characteristics of late Romanesque verging to Transition: especially in the mouldings on the bases of the columns one sees a strong resemblance to the Pointed style. When we ascend into the upper church we find arches absolutely pointed, and a recurrence of similar base-mouldings with those below, while those round the octagonal opening are of like character. In Gottland, parish churches of so early a date as 1046 are of the rudest possible description, and distinguished by a total absence of mouldings, even though the church be one of considerable size and pretensions.

Double churches of this form seem to have been not uncommon in Germany. Examples occur at Landsberg, Eger, and Freiburg, all of which were built between 1180 and 1220. These were attached to castles, and would be intended to accommodate two classes of worshippers, the seigneur and his family above, and their retainers below, the opening in the floor being merely for light.

This curious relic has been a ruin ever since 1610, when a terrible conflagration, fanned by a violent gale, reduced the greater part of the town to ashes. The inhabitants were not rich enough to rebuild more than one of their churches, that of S. Mary, nor did their reduced numbers render more necessary. They now content themselves with preventing further ruin, and great is the love which they bear to these relics of their forefathers.

Another church of great interest is that dedicated to S. Lars, *i. e.* S. Lawrence. Here, more than in any other perhaps, can be seen the massive plainness with which these old forgotten builders wrought. The huge blocks of Gottland limestone of which the walls are built, are still undisplaced: and almost wholly without ornament as the church is, you feel it would be quite superfluous in a building where the main idea, to which all the parts were made subordinate, seems to have been to construct a grand vaulted central space, where the worshippers might be fitly grouped in view of the ceremonies at the altar.

The plan is remarkable; being a parallelogram, with a square cut out of each of the angles: on the western and eastern sides, which are the longer ones, are respectively a sort of vestibule, entered by a very lofty and grand door: and a chancel, terminating in a semicircular apse. Four square masses of masonry, with the very rudiments of bases and capitals, placed in a line with

the north and south walls of the chancel, support the domical vaulting which serves as roof to the square central space. The walls are very massive, and in the thickness thereof is contrived a curious staircase. It starts behind the north-eastern pillar, and after winding up and down at various heights above the ground, reappears on the west wall of the south transept. At several points in its course the wall is pierced with apertures at various heights, which look into the church. One we measured was 6 feet 8 inches wide, and had been apparently divided into two parts by a shaft in the centre. They were a foot or two above the level of the floor of the passage. Their use puzzled us: they could hardly have been intended to accommodate worshippers who did not wish to be seen in the body of the church, for they were generally so placed as to render a view of the altar impossible. Nor was there any way of approaching the stairs without entering the church. We carefully searched for any traces of blocked-up doorways, but none such we could find.

S. Drotten, or the Church of the Holy Trinity, is in the same style as the last: but it is so mutilated that very little about it can be made out, save the ground plan.

Of the transition from Romanesque to Pointed, the most splendid example is S. Nicholas. It was a conventual church, and consists of a long nave with aisles; the choir has a 3-sided apse. The west front, which

faces the sea, has three very large pointed windows; and over these are the two rosettes of red brick, which play so important a part in the legends of Gottland. For in their centre were fixed the two huge carbuncles which gave light to mariners out at sea: and though in those days it is said that the inhabitants framed their windows with silver—a story which forms a fitting counterpart to one of Brüder Grimm's which tells of the old fairy who lived in a house of bread, with window-sills of sugar—more than all the riches of Wisby, these jewels excited the cupidity of Waldemar the Dane. The ship that was carrying them off was so heavily laden with booty that it sank off the southern promontory of Gottland; and still the fisherman tells how that the carbuncles may even now be seen glittering in a calm day through the clear water.

We thought it very possible that there might have been some encaustic tiles to which the bricks served as framework: but in many parts of this church, as in others, brick is itself used as a material for decoration, and very possibly the rosettes were always as we see them now. There are nookshafts of it in the exterior surface of the windows; and the ribs of the vaulting are frequently of the same material.

Perfect Pointed architecture is represented by S. Catharine's: in the apse are long narrow windows, of two lights each, with geometrical tracery: and the dogtooth ornament occurs on the outside.

Besides all these remains of ecclesiastical architecture, there are the walls with their towers, and the castle, at the southern extremity of the town. The walls are said to have been built in 1288; a date which probably refers to some improvements and repairs, as the city could never have been wall-less, and some of the churches were built 200 years before that date. The castle was the work of Eric of Pomerania, who after having redeemed the island from the Teutonic knights of Marienburg in Prussia, to whom his predecessor had pawned it for 20,000 nobles, got leave, about 1400, from the burghers of Wisby to build a castle in their city. Here he afterwards resided for ten years, after he had been driven from his own kingdom: and rather a troublesome guest he proved, for the piracies by which he got his living caused the Swedes and Danes to retaliate on the men of Wisby. But of the castle little remains: the Lübeckers and the Danes alike stormed it—and it is now as ruinous as the walls are perfect. Wide spaces within their circuit testify how the town has shrunk: no vestige now remains of the streets, each of which was owned by a separate nation of those who traded with Wisby: but one solitary house, now tenanted by Wisby's "Apothek," shows in what manner of dwelling her merchants lived.

Nor does there seem to be a reasonable hope of Wisby ever increasing, or rivalling her former self. The harbour is small and inconvenient, and if a trading port

were ever established on the other side of the island, Farö offers a commodious anchorage, as our fleet proved in the late war. The island is enough of a crescent in shape to render the distance from any towns on the south coast of the Baltic to Farö very little greater than to Wisby; while with regard to Sweden and Russia, it would be as easy to bring their merchandise thither as to any other place in the island. No; Wisby's interest is wholly in the past: and as the requirements of modern life obliterate more and more the traces of our forefathers, and make wider the breach between our modes of thought and theirs, people will visit these crumbling ruins by the Baltic sea, with as little in common with those who built them and dwelt in them, as we have with the Greeks and Romans, when we wander through the houses and temples of Athens, Girgenti, or Pompeii.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WEEK'S CHURCH-HUNTING.

"Of them—the builders—and their life and toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those grey heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration."—RUSKIN.

Y, DEVOTED to the pursuit of what he called Ecclesiology, was not to be got away from Gottland before he had visited at least a portion of the parish churches which still exist there. So, after a two days' examination of Wisby, we set out to make the tour of the island.

In Gottland, the people are tenacious of the traditions of their forefathers: so that, whereas in Sweden the ancient law which saith that two persons, together with the driver, shall not ride in a carriage drawn by one horse, has virtually been repealed, in Gottland it remains in force. Our ignorance of this fact produced a glorious strife at our first start; but the matter was at length amicably adjusted, and by mid-day we found ourselves

in a cart drawn by two sturdy, little, cream-coloured ponies, on the high road to Farösund.

The island may be generally described as a level plain, about 200 feet above the sea, gradually rising, however, towards its northern extremity, which is more deeply indented with bays than any other part of the coast. Here and there the limestone, of which the whole island is composed, makes its appearance through the coating of soil spread above it, and forms eminences which, from their excessive steepness, appear of greater height than they really are. This is especially the case on the west coast, near Klinte, where a mass of this sort rises behind the village, and shelters the harbour so as to form a tolerably safe roadstead. From the above-mentioned cause, it appears of a considerable height, but at the most it cannot be more than 250 feet above the sea level.

Tracts of woodland are frequent: the trees are generally a rather stunted, scrubby-looking species of pine: but here and there we saw some giant oaks—kingly fellows—whose mighty trunks, and strong though shattered branches, bespoke so great an age, that many, we thought, must have seen Waldemar and his Danes marching to the sack of Wisby. In the gardens, mulberries and other fruits, which will not ripen on the mainland, come to perfection; so much milder is the climate. The country seems well cultivated: we saw corn of all kinds looking very well; and substantial

farms abound. Corn-fields chiefly monopolise the land ; pastures are unfrequent.

Good roads intersect the country in all directions, with station-houses at distances of seven or eight English miles, as in Sweden ; but, to judge by the books, travellers do not appear very often. The road which is chiefly traversed is that from Wisby to Farösund, in whose commodious Sound ships of the royal navy frequently lie at anchor ; and vessels from Russia touch there, instead of sailing round to Wisby.

The people are a cleanly, hard-working set of beings, much given to hospitality, as we proved by the many acts of kindness we experienced at their hands. To begin with the aristocracy of the island,—its clergy : one Sunday afternoon we saw, on driving up to a church, the good pastor refreshing himself, after his sermon, by a walk in his garden with his wife and children. We asked him where we could find the key of his church. He immediately sent a boy for it : and then, when he had displayed its glories to us, took us into his drawing-room to have some coffee. There we found his wife, with her mother and brother ; our attempts at polite and easy chit-chat must have amused them not a little, but not a smile escaped them while we were there. Coffee was succeeded by “grog :” and at parting our pockets were filled with ripe plums.

At another village, we found a *fast* little parson, busy writing in an elegant morning-robe and a Fez cap,

with his guitar hanging against the wall opposite his table, and on a stand, in the corner of his apartment, a prodigious collection of pipes of every variety in size and ornamentation.

Nor shall we omit to chronicle the efforts of the housewives towards our comfort—whether it was a delicate little repast of veal cutlets and fish, or a bowl of potatoes, or a plate of thick slices of black bread, to be washed down with milk—whether the viands were good or bad, the good was enhanced, and the bad was made palatable, by the hearty good-will with which it was offered.

The first village we saw was Bro, of which the Chronicle relates a wondrous legend. With all due gravity, as becomes so important an historical fact, it tells us that, in 1313, a woman at Eric's farm, in Bro, ventured to bake some loaves one Sunday morning, and when she came to draw them out of the oven, lo! her three loaves had become three stones, which may be seen in the parish church to this very day.

"We tell the tale as 'twas told to us;" take it to heart, ye profane!

Hence we went northward as far as Lärbro, and then kept down the east coast till we reached nearly the most southern limits of the island, whence we returned to Wisby. On our way we turned off the road to see any churches that were not too difficult of access; and thus managed to visit, altogether, some fifty.

The parish churches of Gottland were built between 1050 A.D. and 1250 A.D., if any faith is to be put in the statements of the "Chronica:" from these dates we should expect to meet with Romanesque and Early Pointed architecture; and such, in a general measure, is the case, except that the former predominates, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the insular situation of the country, which would render change less rapid. The material employed, both for the walls and the vaulting, is native limestone.

They are large and lofty, built evidently with an eye to beauty of proportion and appearance; and are frequently remarkable for ornamentation in a high style of art. Their plan is uniform: a nave and chancel, which sometimes terminates in a rectangle, sometimes in a semicircular apse, with a tower at the western end. Their north side is generally wholly destitute of windows; nor on the south are they very numerous. The chancels are lighted by one or more narrow slits in the eastern wall, and, perhaps, one in the southern.

The nave roof is always of a high pitch; and above this rises the tower, in some instances full forty feet—but such splendid examples are, of course, rare—pierced with two or three tiers of windows on each side, and gabled, so as to give lightness and elegance to it, and terminating in a spire, generally of wood.

At Lärbro the tower was octagonal; but we saw no other example of an innovation so extraordinary: and

at Gothem it terminated in what is called "a packsaddle roof," which is so common in Picardy. While describing the tower, it may not be improper to notice a clever device respecting the internal arrangement. It is this: the space under the tower is of the same width as the nave of the church; and its length from east to west equal to that of one of the bays into which the vaulting is divided. By this contrivance a church, which outside appears small and inadequate, is increased one-third; for, as regards the accommodation of worshippers, the chancel may be left out of the question. In the larger ones there is no difference perceptible between the space under the tower and the rest of the nave; in others, it is entered by a large pointed arch, if the church be a late one; or by a double round-headed one, if it be of early date. Then, in order to strengthen the walls, a mass of masonry is raised on each of the tower's three sides to about one-third of its whole height, pierced towards the top with a gallery, on which more or less ornament is lavished, and ending in a lean-to roof of red tiles. The massive effect which the exterior of the churches, despite their plainness, presents, is in a great measure due to the plinths on which they are built. Their mouldings are bold, and coarsely executed, as befits their position; but, projecting perhaps a foot-and-a-half at the ground beyond the wall of the church, they give an appearance of stability to the structure which would otherwise be wanting.

But far above everything else in beauty are the doorways; while they are all after the same type, they display a fertility of invention, and a skill in the disposition and execution of ornament, which is truly astonishing. They usually project some distance beyond the wall of the church, and have a pent-house of stone over them to keep out the weather; they are also deeply recessed; so that, the walls being from three to four feet in thickness, great space is given for the insertion of shafts and mouldings in the jamb and arch above. The capitals of these shafts are frequently all carved out of the same block of stone, and contain subjects from Holy Scripture, invested with the characteristics of the time when they were executed. Thus at Lye we saw the Holy Innocents being murdered by knights in full armour. The subjects generally refer to the earlier events of the Gospel history,—as the salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, the Nativity, and the Magi offering their gifts. Sometimes they are grotesque, as at Dalhem, where the groups were a monk blowing a trumpet, a winged bull with a woman's face, and a dragon swallowing a man. The actual doorway does not commence where the jamb terminates, but is narrowed by the addition of stonework, which sometimes is left plain; but generally its flat surface is covered with ornament, in the form of arabesque, or subjects in medallions, as at Stånga. The head of this doorway is a trefoil, or a quatrefoil, or a cinquefoil, in

proportion to its size and elaboration; and the cusps are carved, or left plain, in the same way. The door is hung behind this opening, and, where the original woodwork remains, is covered with ironwork. Their size, for they are generally some ten feet high, and four or five wide, makes them the most conspicuous objects on the exterior. The earlier ones have round arches; the later, pointed; and in such cases the space between the crown of the arch and the point of the gable over it is used for the display of sculpture. A very remarkable continuation of the sculpture of the doorway along the wall on either side exists at Stånga. Enormous groups of figures, life-size, if not larger, project from the wall; indeed, they are but slightly attached to it at any point, being supported upon massive brackets of stone. Some of the groups we could not make out; two, which we felt sure of, were the Blessed Virgin beneath a canopy, with our Lord in her arms, and the Adoration of the Three Kings.

On entering any one of the churches, you find that the nave is nearly a square, which, by the addition of the space under the tower, becomes a parallelogram, which is the form usually adopted for this part of the church. In the centre is a cylindrical pillar, supporting the four vaults into which the square is subdivided. From the pillar, four cross-springers, plain bands of stone, bend over to the walls, where they rest on corbels of various designs. The ornaments of the pillars are

Romanesque; the capital square, with, frequently, a bird at each corner, clinging with his talons to the upper portion, and clasping the lowest moulding with his beak. The bases are formed of a series of rounds and hollows, and are generally placed upon a massive square block of masonry, which also serves as a seat.

In two churches only did we see the usual division into nave and aisles: these were Dalhem and Roma. In the former there were four cylindrical pillars supporting the roofs of aisle and nave, which were of equal height; and in the latter the pillars were replaced by square masses of masonry. Roma had been, in the days of Gottland's prosperity, a place of some importance, we were told, possessing a monastery in addition to the parish church. But of this not a vestige now exists; and the church, with its red roofs, exterior clerestory, and small wooden spire, is all that remains of the former architectural glories of the place.

"Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è più come era prima!"

The chancels of all these churches are very small, with one or two exceptions. As we said before, the windows are few and narrow, so that the whole interior is too dark. Occasionally their roofs are higher than those of the nave; a deviation from ordinary practice which certainly has not beauty to recommend it. The original stone altar, raised several steps above the level of the nave floor, and detached from the wall, still exists

in most places. Besides this, two smaller altars, one on each side of the chancel arch in the nave, were generally to be seen. The chancel arches are very rude; they have nothing worthy the name of a moulding; and, in fact, are little more than openings in the wall. The vaulting is what is called quadripartite; in the older examples a barrel roof occurs, but this is somewhat rare.

What surprised us more than anything else was the stained glass. There was something so strange to find, on entering some out-of-the-way church, three or four windows filled with Romanesque glass, combining good drawing with distinctness and brilliancy—brilliancy such as one rarely sees. The colours, bright as the day when the window was first put up, flashed upon the old stonework; reproachfully it almost seemed, when one looked to the miserable neglect in which the church lay, and thought of the days when the glass was only a portion of a splendid whole; when the colours of the windows were in unison with the colours of the walls. The treatment of subjects in them is extremely simple. The glass generally fills a triplet; at the top of the centre light our Lord is seated in majesty, His right hand raised to bless, while His left holds a book. The rest of the window is occupied with subjects in compartments, generally taken from the life of our Saviour, displayed upon a blue ground, upon which is drawn a pattern in black; round the whole runs a

border ; white, yellow, and white again, next the stonework.

Of woodwork that was older than the sixteenth century we saw none. We had expected that in such a place as Gottland we should find something curious in that way ; indeed, the hope of discovering such was one of our antiquary's chief inducements to visit the island. But he was doomed to be disappointed. There was some fine stone carving, in the shape of a tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament, here and there to be seen, and ancient crucifixes in plenty, and now and then a Reredos, whose German origin was testified by the legends in that language beneath the figures of the Saints, to excite his admiration ; but of woodwork in the shape of seats or stalls, there was none.

Very curious fonts were not uncommon : the original builders had placed them in the space beneath the towers, as was shown by the circular slabs of stone, raised a few inches, generally visible there ; but Lutheran innovators have moved them to just before the altar. They are covered with curious grotesque carvings, which have originally been painted. In form they are generally circular.

The interest which the inhabitants display in these monuments of their forefathers' faith is very pleasing. Every one we met seemed to bear great love to his parish church, and any one who lived near, and had the key, took great pleasure in showing it to us. And not

only did they know what was worth seeing at home, but the more intelligent knew what churches in remote parts of the island would repay a visit. Some, as Stånga and Dalhem, had a great reputation: their praises were ceaselessly chanted to us, from the hour we landed in Wisby to that when we left it. Nor does their affection stop short at mere admiration: they carefully repair them, and in some cases, where their finances permit, restore. And restoration it is, worthy the name, the chief process being to scrape off whitewash, and display the old work as it was originally, without addition of any sort. They have undergone very little change: no ruthless spoilers have broken their images and defaced their carvings; the damage that has been done is due to time, and the unsightliness of their interiors to bad alterations, and these modern improvement is removing as fast as possible.

We heard of several ruinous churches being still visible: but the only one we saw was at Bara. So massive was the stonework—though the church had evidently been a very small one—that the whole west wall, to the top of the tower, some eighty feet at the very least, was standing firmly, with apparently no chance of coming down. At the very top of this, approached by a series of ladders, in rather a crazy state, is an arch, originally no doubt a window, across which, on a stout oak beam, hangs a bell. It has been placed there since the church became a ruin, because some

persons preferred to be buried in the churchyard of what ought to have been their parish church. In a ruined niche in the corner of the church lay the bier and pall. How very mournful must be a funeral there, when, on an autumn morning, the corpse is laid in the narrow turfy space of the churchyard, the ruins on one side, and a grove of leafless trees on the other, human habitations hidden by an intervening hill! And how strange must the sound be on some stormy winter's night, as, swayed by the tempest, the bell swings to and fro, tolling, tolling through the livelong night, as if for some unhallowed ceremonies that shunned the glare of day!

Not unfrequently we found wayside crosses, either broken or entire, and no doubt they were once much more common.

If a man would study Early Pointed architecture, when as yet it had hardly blossomed forth in all its beauty, but was mingled, not unpleasingly, with the ornaments of the preceding style; if he would see glass in its simplest and loveliest forms, as best suited to a parish church; if, finally, he would see how reverence and faith turned the resources of successful commerce to the service of God, and so thronged the land with churches, that every man might find where to worship beneath a fitting roof, let him go to Gottland: for there he will find all this in greater purity than elsewhere. And thence much might be derived that might with advantage be reproduced in our own parish churches.

After a week's wandering, our *periegesis* of Gottland ended. We drove our carriage and pair round the island, and fared sumptuously every day: the total cost of the week was two pounds apiece. It was with regret that we were hurried away to Sweden again, and took a hasty farewell of Östersö's Öen—"the eye of the Baltic Sea."

CHAPTER XXV.

LUND.

"Ce n'est pas un édifice à contenir un vil peuple : c'est un temple destiné à contenir toute la philosophie, toutes les prières, toute la grandeur, toute la pensée de l'homme."

LAMARTINE.

WE landed again on the mainland of Sweden at Calmar, after steaming for some hours down the channel between Öland and the coast. There is little worthy of observation on this long low island, save the old castle of Borgholm, which is situated on a wooded eminence sloping to the sea. It was originally a great square keep, with a tower at each angle ; and must have been a place of considerable strength. Now, its long rows of frameless windows look desolate and bare, like the bones of some huge skeleton left high and dry upon the beach.

Calmar is a dismal-looking place, without either beauty or interest to recommend it. It probably owes its existence to the possession of a safe roadstead ; no

small boon to vessels on this exposed coast. Being the seat of a Bishopric, it has a cathedral, a building of about 150 years old, in the Grecian style, conspicuous from a distance by its two lofty square towers.

The old moated castle is extremely picturesque, and appears to have stood a siege not many years since; for the marks of musket-balls are visible in all directions on its grey, battered walls.

Calmar may once have been an important place, but is now reduced to the habitual deadly-liveliness of an episcopal town. Anxious to escape, we rushed on board the "Gauthiot;" but the fates were against us; and the stormy wind and heavy sea compelled us to anchor all night in the roads.

Continuing our voyage southward, we steamed in about eighteen hours to Ystad; a long straggling place, consisting chiefly of one street parallel to the sea; and thence drove to Lund, the second University town in Sweden. The country presents a great contrast to Northern Sweden: it is blank and bare; a series of sharp undulations and scrubby lumps, unworthy the name of hills; and the crops having been just got in, even the appearance of fertility was not present to make up for any deficiency in the picturesque. Near Lund it improves; and copses of oak and bush frequently fill the hollows. The people seem in unison with their country: they are a sickly-looking, squalid race, quite different from the athletic husbandman of

the North: and their habitations are small untidy shanties, whose door you approach through pools and muck-heaps, and refuse of every description.

Lund, the ancient capital of Denmark, when she included within her boundaries this southern end of Sweden,—the archbishopric which once held spiritual jurisdiction over all Norway before the see of Thronthjem was created,—is a town worthy of its ancient renown. It is not one of those old places which look half-asleep, trusting to their former fame to save them from oblivion: there is life and bustle about it, owing chiefly, no doubt, to the proximity of Malmö, communication with which will be shortly facilitated by means of a railroad.

We arrived at Lund late on a Sunday evening, and had a palatial apartment allotted to us at the hotel. But we descended to the public room to supper: at the next table were eight or nine students, drinking, and singing in chorus. Y was delighted with their performances, and vowed that chorus-singing was the one solitary institution of Continental under-graduates in which they excelled us at home. As for X—unmusical wretch—he could see or hear nothing in it but a fiendish row, and was quite unable to make it clear to his own mind what right the roystering fellows had to create such a nuisance in a public room.

Like all the towns of Scandinavia, where wood was the chief material, Lund presents no domestic architecture of any antiquity; but its cathedral is a splendid

monument of its old metropolitan power. Built about 1100, it is in the Romanesque style, of a very Byzantine character, with acanthus leaves in the capitals of its columns; and strange winged seraphs, standing on monsters, act as Caryatides, to support some of the arches leading into chapels in the interior. The choir and transepts are raised some twenty feet above the nave by means of a crypt beneath them. In the north transept is preserved the ancient woodwork which originally formed the fittings of the choir. It dates from the fourteenth century; and for beauty of execution, and varied elegance of design, could rarely be surpassed.

In the canopies above the stalls, the whole history of the Bible is told, from the Fall to the Crucifixion; and beneath, upon the Misereres and arms are birds and beasts of every kind; while at the ends are vines laden with fruit, up which men are climbing and plucking the ripe bunches. The choir terminates in a semicircular apse, in which is the old altar, and a large Reredos above it, gilt and painted, and crowded with a throng of saints, among whom St. Eric, and St. Olaf, standing on the dragon of Heathenism, are conspicuous.

From Lund, three hours' driving brought us to Malmö, a most flourishing town on the Cattegat, the chief port of communication with Denmark. Extensive docks are in progress of construction, to supersede the present small harbour, which seemed inconveniently thronged with vessels of all sizes.

A lovely view it is from the old fortress—perhaps part of the same wherein Bothwell was confined—of the long line of the Swedish coast, and across the bright waters of the Cattegat, studded with dozens of sails of merchantmen or fishing boats scudding out to sea as fast as the wind will carry them, to where a throng of spires and masts betokens the presence of Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FACTS AGAIN.

“ Hang these facts ! ” — *Wearied Reader.*

STRIPPED of its swaddling-clothes of myth, the story of Odin would seem to be simply this—that, somewhere in the fifth century, a small tribe migrated under the leadership of one Odin, and settled on the shores of the Mälär Lake, in the neighbourhood of Sigtuna. This Odin would appear to have been a man of commanding talent, and to have assumed to himself the offices of king, lawgiver, and high-priest. Taking advantage of the superstition of his followers, and the veneration in which he himself was held, he caused temples to be erected, was himself deified, and the worship of Odin finally spread throughout North Europe. His grandson removed his capital to Upsala, which henceforward became the high-place of the Pagan worship. It was not until the commencement of the eleventh century that

Christianity triumphed, and the temple at Upsala was destroyed.

It has been only at isolated intervals, and by fitful starts, that Sweden has played an important part in European politics. The three heroes of her history are Gustavus Wasa, who so nobly expelled the Danes, and raised the country to a prosperity before unequalled; Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, who began the Thirty Years' War, which left Sweden one of the first of European kingdoms; and the chivalrous Charles XII., whose exploits read like romance, but ruined his country.

The present dynasty dates only from this century, and commenced with Bernadotte. Of all the kings enthroned by the French king-maker, Bernadotte alone preserved his crown, and he only by forsaking his patron. His son, Oscar, has succeeded him, and presents the singular example of a sovereign whose liberal views are thwarted by his subjects. Within the last few weeks he has recommended from the throne measures of reform and toleration, which the Diet seems but too loth to pass.

The people, about 4,000,000 in number, are divided into four classes—the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants. Each of these classes has a separate house of representatives: the four houses constitute the Diet. The inequality of the representation is at once apparent. as the nobles and clergy number, with their

families, perhaps twelve or fifteen thousand of each order, while the peasants or farmers number upwards of two millions. Moreover, persons who belong to none of the above classes—as, for instance, a man who has made money in trade, and retired from business—are not represented at all, and have no political existence. The Diet meets every five years, each house having a vote: a majority is sufficient to carry all ordinary questions, but any alteration in the constitution requires their unanimous consent. All acts require the royal consent.

For legal purposes the country is divided into two or three hundred districts, each of which has its own court and judge: the trial is by jury. From these courts there is an appeal to the Supreme Court, composed of twelve councillors, under the presidency of the Chancellor.

Like Norway, the wealth of Sweden is chiefly derived from agriculture, from her forests, her mines, and her fisheries. The forests are mostly of fir and pine, and more than half the whole area of the country is covered with them. The mines are principally iron and copper.

The manufactures are chiefly domestic, and there is but little home trade. The foreign trade consists in the export of the minerals, timber, and corn; in return for which are received colonial produce, wines, hardware, cotton, and manufactured goods.

From the memories of the past Sweden can recal

the name of many a son who has played no unimportant part in the history of the world. Besides the warrior-kings whom we have mentioned, she has reason to be proud of men like Oxenstiern, Tycho-Brahe, Linnæus, Scheele, and Bergmann: and in later days, of Berzelius, Tegner, and Gejer, and a host of others. At the present time, the notabilities of the fairer sex predominate: the owners of those names must excuse us if we mention in our pages Jenny Lind, Emilie Carlen, and Frederika Bremer. *C'est un malheur attaché à la célébrité.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

COPENHAGEN.

“Here,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would ne’er depart.”—BYRON.

“Where are the forms the sculptor’s soul hath seized ?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair ?”—IBID.

“*Τέχνη τέχνης υπερφέρουσα.*”—SOPHOCLES.

IN every Danish bosom there is one ruling passion—love for Thorwaldsen : no honour is too high for him, no praise too exalted : to have known him, to have beheld him even, is a privilege which none can ever hope to surpass. In the centre of his native city, hard by his sovereign’s palace, with the voices of his countrymen echoing round his grave as they pass to and fro upon their daily toil, watched by the mute forms his own mind called into existence—a better witness to his greatness than all the epitaphs that man could devise—the great sculptor lies beneath an ivy-

covered plot, in the Court of the Museum that contains his works.

Though he trained his genius upon classical models, during a long life spent chiefly in Italy, and trod in the footsteps of the Greeks, generally choosing to portray some subject taken from the mythology of Greece or Rome, yet he was no blind imitator ; his rich fancy made his own whatever his chisel touched, and imparted to it a fresh northern vigour, and a purity of sentiment, which modern compositions so frequently lack.

To us, he seemed greatest in his bas-reliefs. Beautiful, no doubt, are his single statues and groups ; such, for instance, as the Jason, the Shepherd Boy, Venus with the Apple, Ganymede feeding the Eagle, Love Triumphant, and many others. But none of these display that extreme of grace and fancy which distinguishes the bas-reliefs. The most important of these compositions is the Triumph of Alexander, designed for a Roman palace : the conqueror is entering Babylon, attended by the Macedonian chivalry ; the astrologers come forth to meet him, preceded by young girls who strew his path with flowers. One of the prettiest series represents the victory of Love over the world—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water—all the elements obey him. Or, if we would widen the symbolism, and give it a mythological turn, the series may be regarded as indicative of Love's triumph over the universe : in heaven he is mounted on the eagle of Jove, and brandishes

the lightning he has stolen from the Father of gods and men ; on earth he has armed himself with the club of Hercules, and leads a captive lion by the mane ; on the sea he is riding on a dolphin's back, trident in hand ; and in hell he has made his bow into a yoke beneath which he is leading Cerberus in chains.

The richness of the sculptor's fancy seemed to revel in portraying in a thousand ways the universal dominion of Love : now he is making a net with which to catch a butterfly ; or playing with a dog ; or weaving himself a necklace of shells ; or calling up flowers out of a barren and stony desert ; or treading out, with Bacchus, " the spurted purple of the vats ; " or playing with a swan beneath an over-arching canopy of fruit-trees ; or wounding Anacreon with his arrow ; or, according to the latest myth of Greece, awaking Psyche to eternal life. In one of the most elegant of this class, a shepherdess is carrying away a nestful of Cupids ; each of whom expresses, by his gestures, some of the different dispositions and moods of love ; and again, we would mention " *Les Ages de l'Amour*," in which, with infinite grace, is displayed Love's action on the young, mature, and old. Nor can we omit the pretty series in which the great epochs of life are represented under the symbol of the Seasons ; the flowery, yet fickle and transient, Spring of childhood—the Summer sun of adolescence—the fruitful Autumn of riper years—and the dull cold Winter of old age.

It is strange that one who could so perfectly depict the myths of antiquity was also able to represent in marble the holiest personages of Christianity, without confounding the creeds, or investing the Saviour with attributes that would be more appropriate to Jupiter. But nothing can surpass Thorwaldsen's Christ. As the colossal statue stands over the high altar of Our Lady's Church, his limbs draped in a few simple folds, his whole face beams with unutterable love, not unmixed with sorrow and pity, as he stretches forth his arms to welcome unto him all them that are weary and are heavy laden. Or what more exquisite than the kneeling angel which forms the font? whose countenance, bright with angelic purity and young love, seems to invite the little innocents to baptism, and forbids them not. Outside the church, upon the pediment, is the Preaching of St. John, executed in terra cotta. The centre figure is, of course, the Baptist himself: on either side are grouped his hearers, in various attitudes of attention, from the proud Jew who folds his robes around him scornfully, to the simple peasant-woman and her child, who, with parted lips and eager faces, listen to his words.

These were but a few among the works we admired most. Time after time we went to gaze upon them, not seeking to grasp them all at once—for then weariness and satiety must have ensued—but taking them few at a time, and oft recurring to those that pleased

us most. Thus we began at length to appreciate and share the feelings of the Dane, and his admiration for Thorwaldsen. Yes, Thorwaldsen is Copenhagen—nay, more, his genius is the one lone star that sheds its soft and placid light upon the decline of Denmark's day.

Not that Copenhagen presents no other attractions. Its museums are excellent, and wonderfully well-arranged, particularly those devoted to Northern Antiquities, and to Ethnography. We admired the Palace and the Bourse, the Castle and gardens of Rosenborg: we admired the shops, and the busy scenes of the market-squares. But, above all, we admired the spacious harbour, included within the city walls; and we wondered at the brilliancy of the idea, and the execution, of Nelson's plan, to dash past the forts that commanded the harbour's mouth, and thus carry destruction into the very heart of the town.

Not far distant is Roeskilde, once the capital, when Copenhagen existed not. There is little to interest in what remains, except the Cathedral, which resembles in some respects that of Lund. The two were built about the same time, but the exterior of Roeskilde is far more picturesque, with the aisle running round the choir, the gabled transepts, and the two western towers surmounted by long tapering spires. Inside, it is rather bare: the chief objects for notice are the Reredos, which contains the whole history of the Bible executed in rather rude Dutch sculpture, and the woodwork which

still occupies its proper position in the choir; the carving is later than that at Lund, and not nearly so good; but some of the canopies are elegant, and fortunately remain unbroken.

Leaving Roeskilde, we travelled by railway to Korsør, and thence, by steamer, to Kiel. Four hours transported us to Altona; but the country was flat and uninteresting the whole way, and we were fain, for lack of better thing to do, to criticise the Danish government for its absurd attempt to Danicise the Duchies, whose feeling is thoroughly German.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

"Now is done the long day's work.
Let them rave."—TENNYSON.

WE shall not attempt to describe the "Free Town" of Hamburgh—the magnificence of the newer parts, and the picturesqueness of the old—the palatial glories of the Alster, or the venerable houses that hem in the stagnant *fleeths*—the odd costume of the flower-girls or the busy scene of the Bourse—the splendour of the Stadt-Theater, or the incomplete grandeur of St. Nicolas' Church.

Neither shall we stop to tell how greatly we admired the "quaint old town" of Lübeck: how we stared at its mediæval gates, and its gabled houses: how we wandered up and down the aisles of its churches, so full of interest how we were fined for trespassing on

the Railway, and lodged an appeal to the Chef-de-police, which we had not time to prosecute.

Our task is done. On the 11th October, we were crossing the "furrow-faced ocean" on our return to England.

THE END.

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